



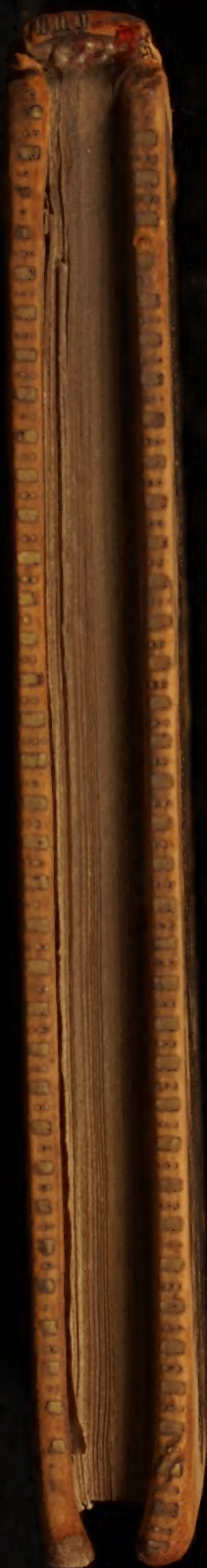
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BOSCOBE











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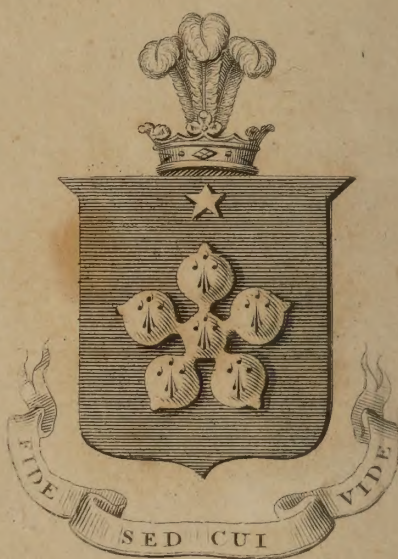
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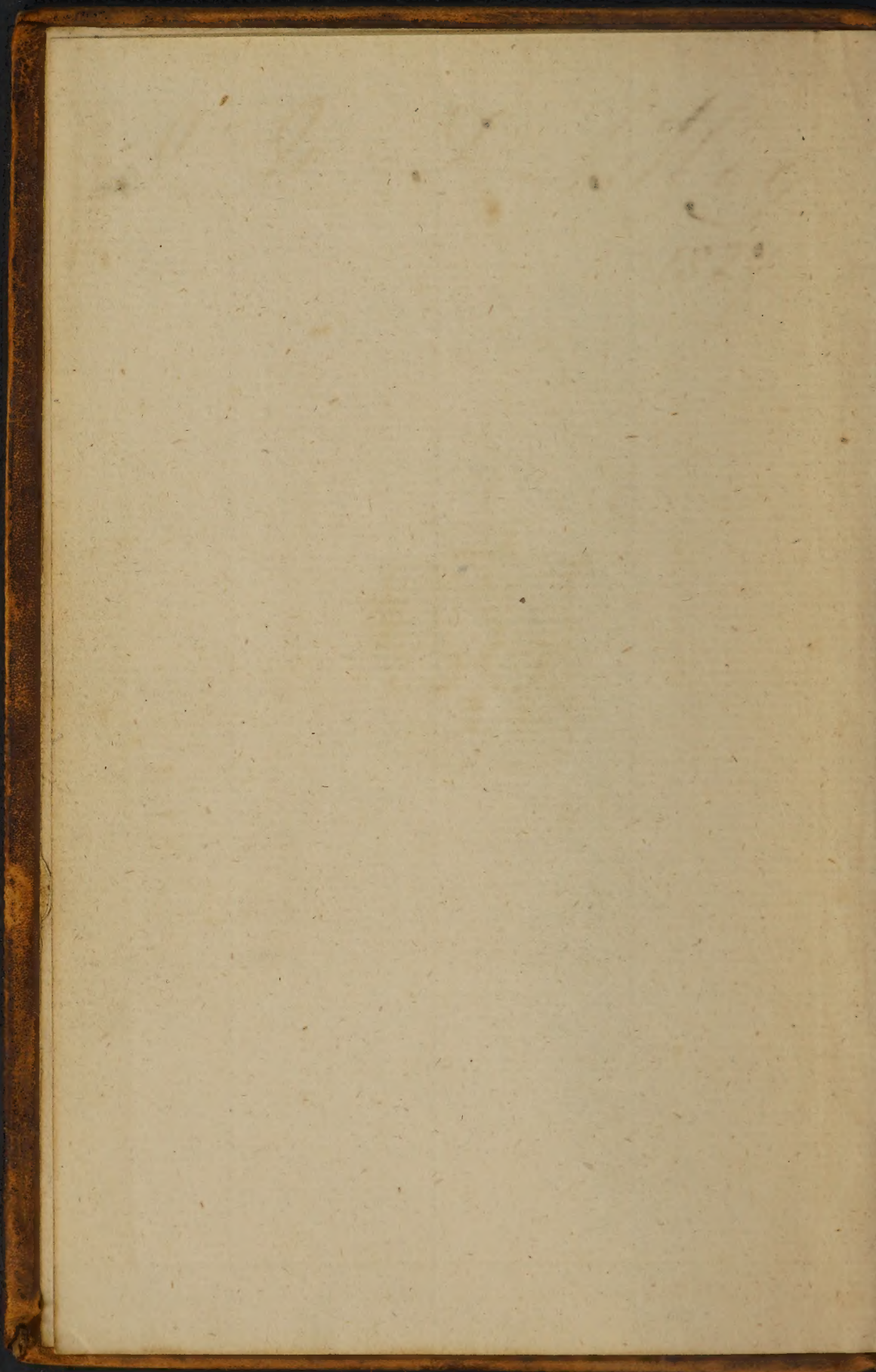
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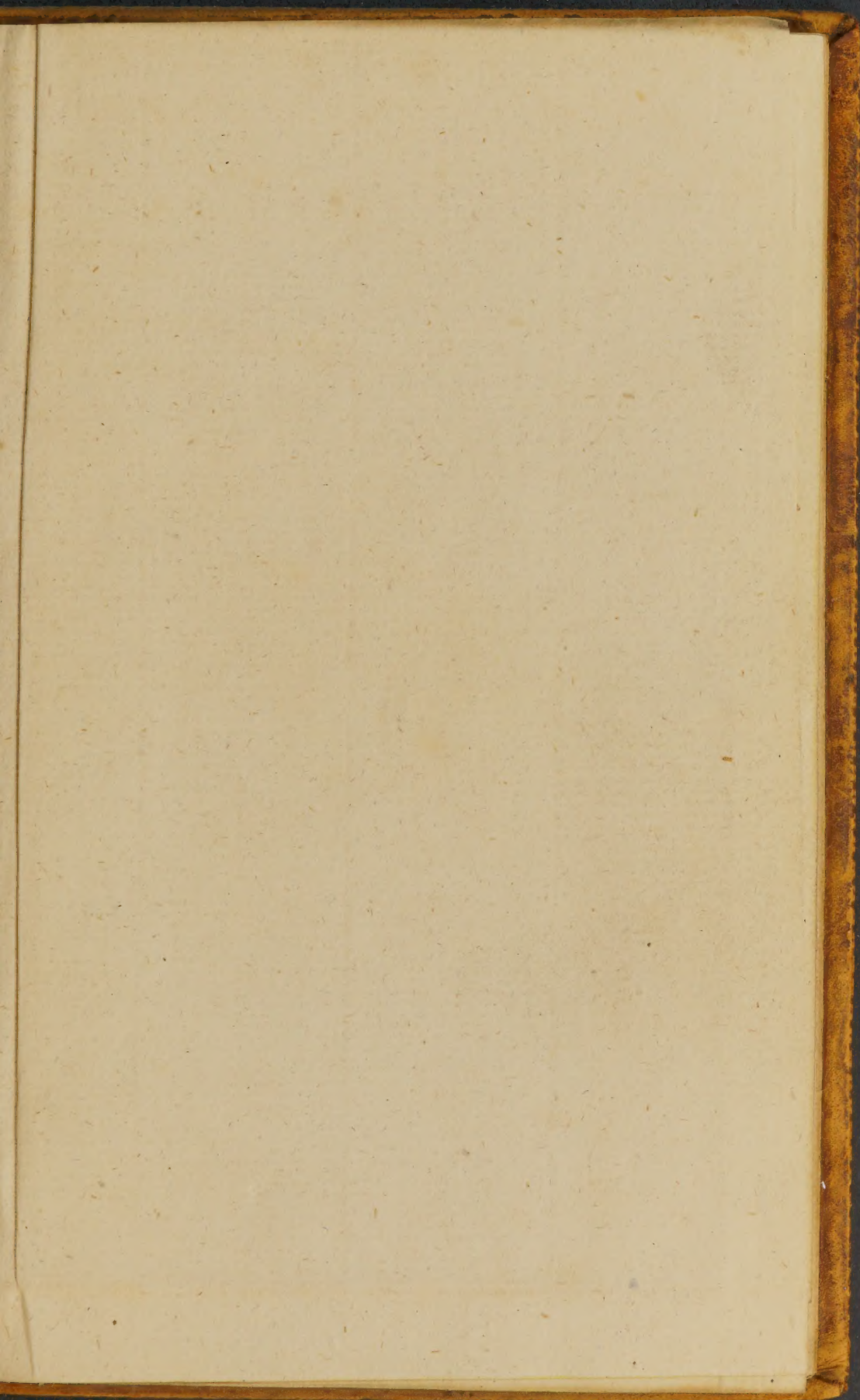
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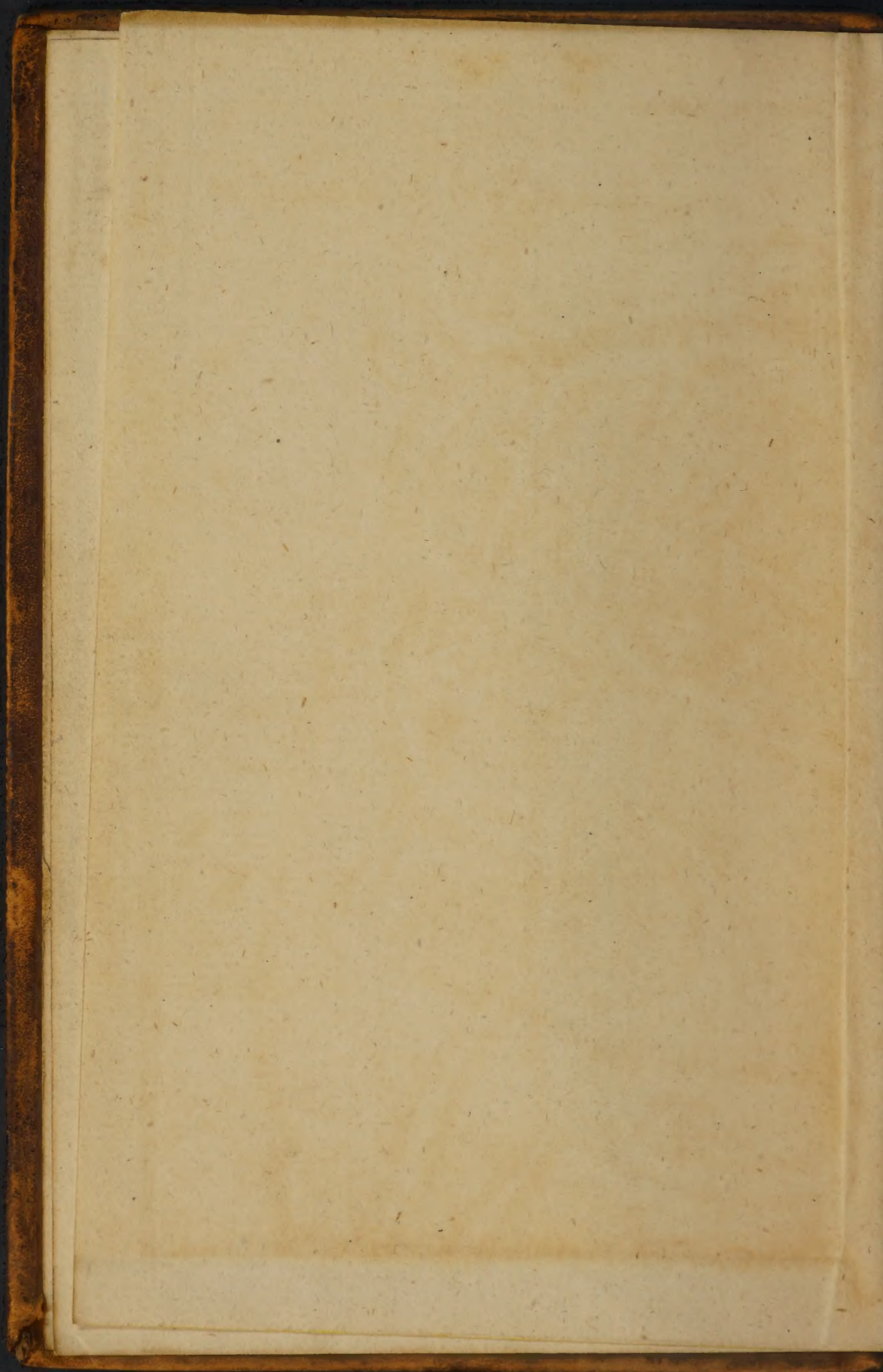






















# BOSCOBEL:

OR, THE

COMPLEAT HISTORY

OF HIS

Sacred M A J E S T Y's

Most Miraculous Preservation

AFTER THE

Battle of WORCESTER,

Which was Fought Sept. 3, 1651.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A PLAN of the City of WORCESTER; and a  
VIEW of BOSCOBEL-HOUSE.

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*Hear this ye old Men, and give Ear all ye Inhabitants  
of the Land: Has this been in your Days or in the  
Days of your Fathers? — — JOEL i. 2.*

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WORCESTER:

Printed for S. GAMIDGE, Bookfeller.

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MDCCCLXIX.

1841

1842

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1850





TO THE  
READER.

**B**EHOLD I here present you with a History of Wonders; wonders so great, that, as no former age can parallel, succeeding times will scarce believe them.

Expect here to read the highest tyranny and rebellion that was ever acted by subjects, and the greatest hardships and sufferings that ever were suffered by a King; yet did his patience exceed his sorrows, and his virtue became at last victorious.

I am so far from that foul crime of publishing what is false, that I can safely say, I know not one line unauthentick; such has been my care to be sure of the truth, that I have diligently collected the particulars from most of their own

mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles.

To every individual person, as far as my industry could arrive to know, I have given the due of his merit; be it for valour, fidelity, or whatever other quality that has any way had the honour to relate to His Majesty's service.

In this Edition I have added some particulars which came to my knowledge since the first publication; and have observed that much of His Majesty's actions and sufferings have run parallel to those of King David.

And though the whole complex may want elegance and politeness of stile, which the nature of such relations does not properly challenge, yet it cannot want truth, the chief ingredient for such undertakings. In which assurance I am not afraid to venture myself into your hands.

Read on and wonder.

THE





T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F H I S  
Sacred M A J E S T Y 's  
Most Miraculous Preservation  
A F T E R T H E  
Battle of Worcester.

I T was in June, in the year 1650,  
that CHARLES the Second, un-  
doubted heir of CHARLES the  
First, of glorious memory, King  
of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, (after  
his royal father had been barbarously murder-  
ed, and himself banished his own dominions by  
his own rebellious subjects) took shipping at  
Scheevling, in Holland; and, having escaped  
great dangers at sea, arrived soon after at Spey,  
in the North of Scotland.

On the January following, His Majesty was  
crowned at Scoon, and an army raised in that  
kingdom,

kingdom, to invade this; in hopes to recover his regalities here, then most unjustly detained from him by some members of the Long Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell their general, who soon after most traiterously assumed the title of Protector of the new-minted Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of this Royal-Scotch army the general officers were these; Lieutenant-general David Lesley, Lieutenant-general Middleton (afterwards Earl of Middleton, Lord Clarmont and Fettercair), Major-general Massey, Major-general Montgomery, Major-general Dalziel, and Major-general Vandrose, a Dutchman.

The 1st of August, 1651, His Majesty with his army began his march into England, and on the 5th of the same month, at his royal camp at Woodhouse, near the Border, published his gracious declaration of general pardon and oblivion to all his loving subjects of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, that would desist from assisting the usurped authority of the pretended Commonwealth of England, and return to the obedience they owed to their lawful king, and to the antient happy government of the kingdom: except only Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, John Cook (pretended solicitor), and all others, who did actually



tually fit and vote in the murder of his royal father. And lastly did declare, That the service being done, the Scotch army should quietly retire, that so all armies might be disbanded, and a lasting peace settled with religion and righteousness.

His Majesty, after the publication of this gracious offer, marched his army into Lancashire, where he received some considerable supplies from the Earl of Derby (that loyal subject), and at Warrington Bridge met with the first opposition made by the rebels in England; but his presence soon put them to flight.

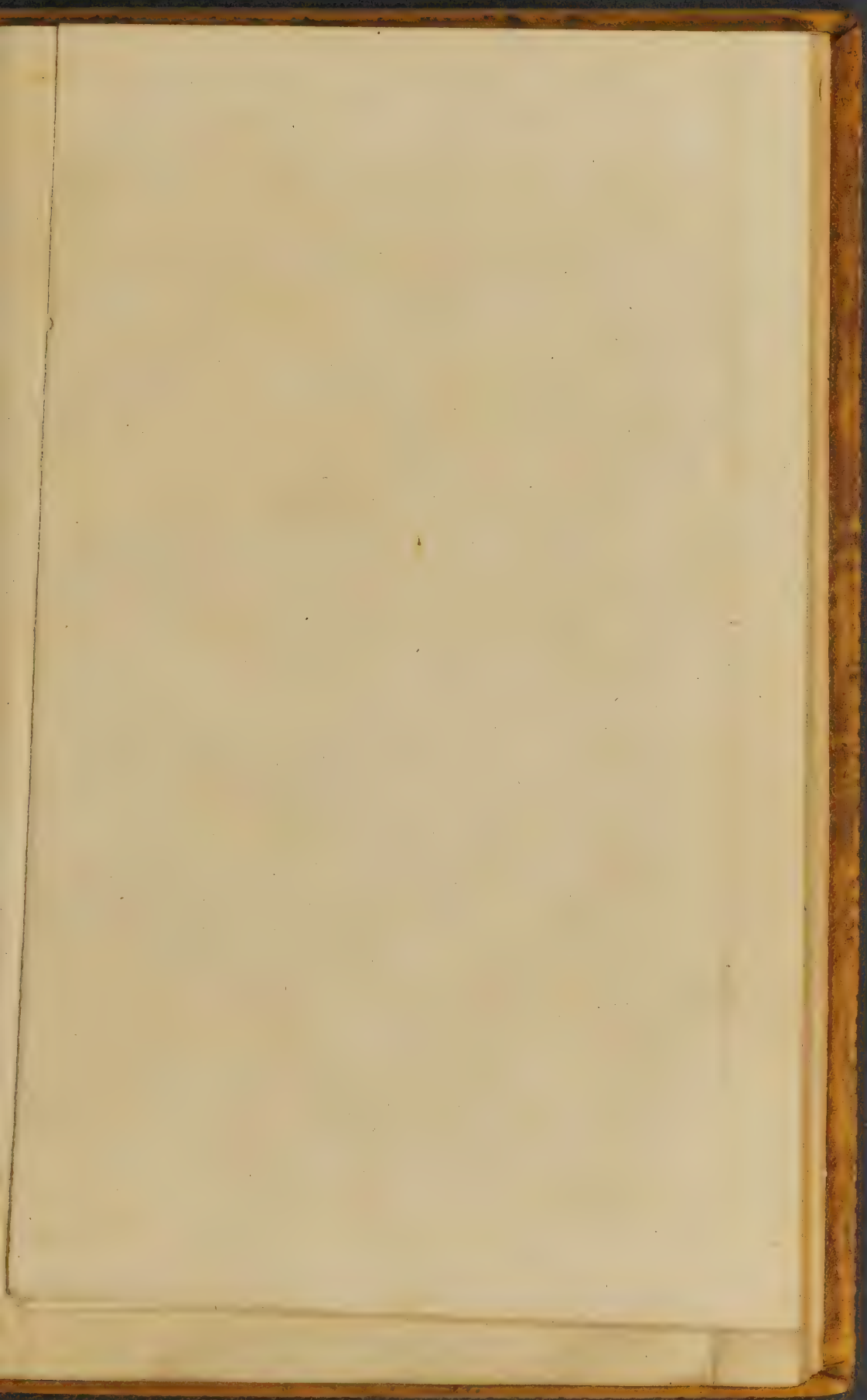
In this interim His Majesty had sent a copy of his declaration, inclosed in a gracious letter, to Thomas Andrews then Lord Mayor (who had been one of his late Majesty's judges), and the Aldermen of London, which, by order of the Rump Rebels then sitting at Westminster, was (on the 26th of August) publicly burnt at the Old Exchange by the hangman; and their own declaration proclaimed there and at Westminster, with beat of drum and sound of trumpet: by which His Sacred Majesty, to whom they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart, his abettors, agents, and accomplices, were declared traitors, rebels, and public enemies. — Impudence and treason beyond example!

After

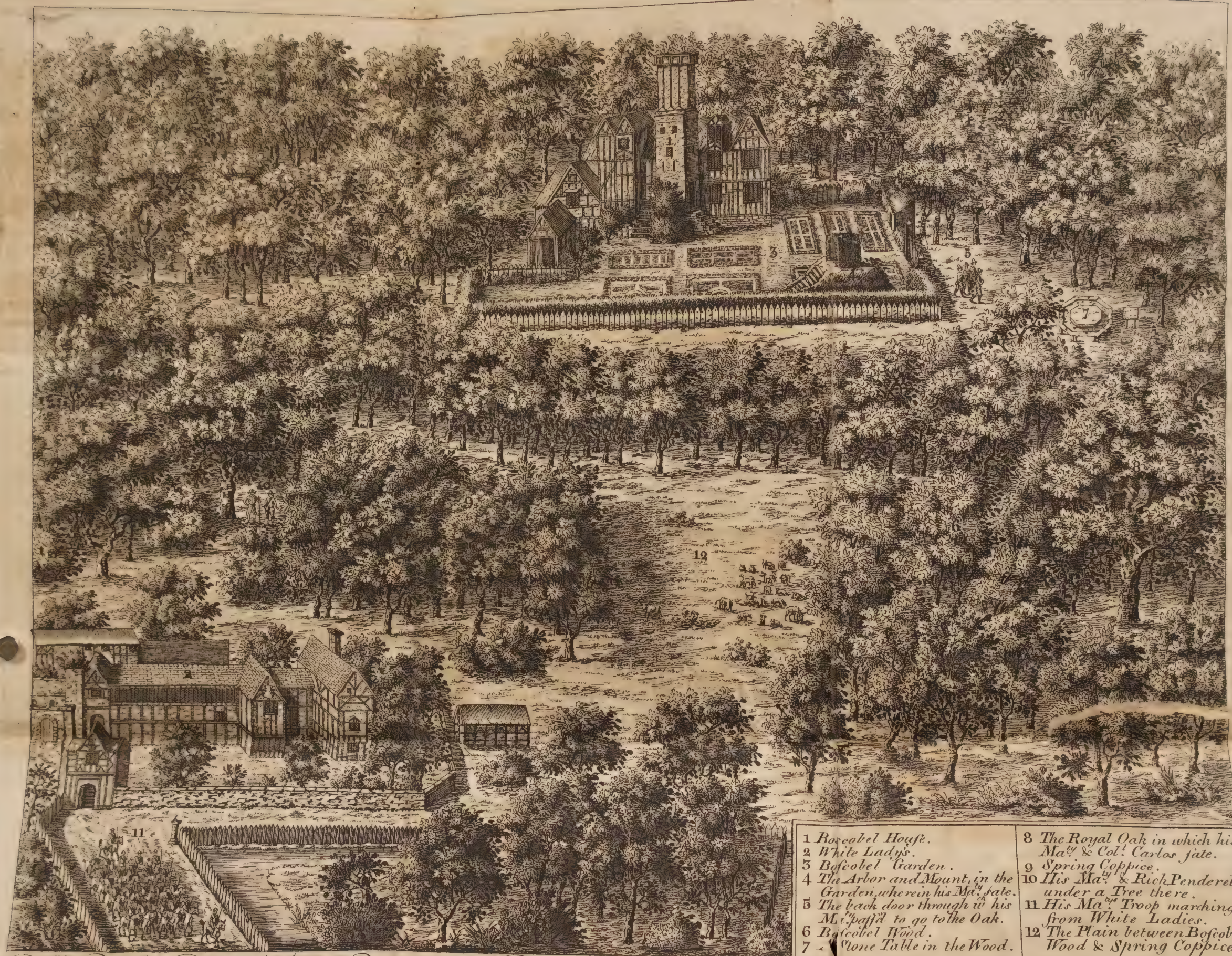


After a tedious march of near three hundred miles, His Majesty with his army, on the 22d of August, possessed himself of Worcester, after some slight opposition made by the rebels there, commanded by Col. John James. At his entrance the Mayor of that city carried the sword before His Majesty, who had left the Earl of Derby in Lancashire, as well to settle that and the adjacent counties in a posture of defence, against Cromwell and his confederates, as to raise some auxiliary forces to recruit His Majesty's army, in case the success of a battle should not prove so happy as all good men desired.

But, such was heaven's decree, on the 5th of August the Earl's new raised forces, being over-powered, were totally defeated at Wiggan, in that county, by Col. Lilburn, with a regiment of rebellious sectaries. In this conflict Lord Widdrington, Sir Thomas Tildesly, Col. Trollop, Col. Bointon, Lieutenant-col. Galliard, faithful subjects and valiant soldiers, with some others of good note, were slain; Col. Edward Roscarock wounded; Sir Wm. Throckmorton, Knight-marshal to His Majesty, Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, who was beheaded by the rebels at Chester, on the 22d of Oct. following, Col. Baines, and others, taken prisoners; and their General the Earl of Derby,







- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Boscobel House.   | 8 The Royal Oak in which his Ma <sup>y</sup> & Col <sup>l</sup> Carlos sat. |
| 2 White Ladies.   | 9 Spring Coppice.   |
| 3 Boscobel Garden.  | 10 His Ma <sup>y</sup> & Rich. Penderel under a Tree there.                 |
| 4 The Arbor and Mount, in the Garden, wherein his Ma <sup>y</sup> sat.              | 11 His Ma <sup>y</sup> Troop marching from White Ladies.                    |
| 5 The back door through w <sup>h</sup> his Ma <sup>y</sup> pass'd to go to the Oak. | 12 The Plain between Boscobel Wood & Spring Coppice.                        |
| 6 Boscobel Wood.  |   |
| 7 Stone Table in the Wood.  |   |

*A View of BOSCOBEL HOUSE & The WHITE LADIES, with the WOOD where KING CHARLES II: conceal'd himself after the BATTLE of WORCESTER.*



Derby, who charged the rebels valiantly, and received several wounds, put to flight with a small number of his men: in which condition he made choice of the way towards Worcester, whither he knew His Majesty's army was designed to march.

After some days, my Lord, with Col. Roscarrock and two servants, got into the confines of Staffordshire and Shropshire, near Newport, where at one Mr. Watson's house he met with Mr. Rich. Snead, an honest gentleman of that county, and of his lordship's acquaintance, to whom he related the misfortune of his defeat at Wiggan, and the necessity of his taking some rest, if Mr. Snead could recommend him to a private house near hand, where he might continue safely, till he could find an opportunity to go to his Majesty.

Mr. Snead brought my Lord and his company to Boscobel-house, a very obscure habitation, situate in Shropshire, but adjoining to Staffordshire, and lies between Tong-castle and Breewood, in a kind of wilderness. John Giffard, Esq; who built this house, invited Sir Basil Brook, with other friends and neighbours, to a house-warming feast; at which Sir Basil was desired by Mr. Giffard to give the house a name: he aptly called it Boscobel, (from the Italian *bosco bello*, which signifies



nifies fair wood) because seated in the midst of many fair woods. It is now the inheritance and dwelling house of Mr. Basil Fitzherbert, by Jane his wife, daughter and heir of Mr. John Cotton by Frances, daughter and heir of the said John Giffard.

At this place the Earl arrived on Friday, Aug. 29, at night, but the house at that time afforded no inhabitant except Wm. Penderel the house-keeper, and his wife; who, to preserve so eminent a person, freely adventured to receive my Lord, and kept him in safety till Sunday night following, when, according to to my Lord's desire of going to Worcester, he conveyed him to Mr. Humphry Elliot's house at Gataker Park, a true-hearted royalist, which was about nine miles on the way from Boscobel thither. Mr. Elliot cheerfully entertained the Earl, lent him ten pounds, and conducted him and his company to Worcester.

The next day after His Majesty's arrival at Worcester, being Saturday, Aug. 23, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by Mr. Thomas Lysons, Mayor, and Mr. James Bridges, Sheriff of that loyal city, with great acclamations.

On the same day His Majesty published this following Manifesto or Declaration.

CHARLES

**C**HARLES by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all whom it may concern, greeting. We desire not the effusion of blood; we covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our people: our declaration at our entry into this kingdom, the quiet behaviour and abstinence of our army throughout this long march, and our own general pardon declared to all the inhabitants of this city, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us by a force of the enemy, overmastering them until we chased them away, have sufficiently certified both what we seek is only that the laws of England (which secure the right both of king and subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitterness of these unnatural wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby summon, upon their allegiance, all the nobility, gentry, and others of what degree or condition soever, of our county of Worcester, from sixteen to sixty, to appear in their persons with any horses, arms, and ammunition they have or can procure, at Pitchcroft, near the city, on Tuesday next being the 26th of this instant month, where Ourself will be present that day, and also the next (in case those of the further parts of the county should not be able to come in sooner) to dispose of such of them as we shall think fit for our service in the war, in defence of this city and county, and to add unto our marching army; and to apply others, therein versed, to matters of civil advice and government. Upon which appearance we shall immediately declare to all present and conforming themselves to our royal authority, our Free Pardon; not excluding from this summons or the pardon held forth, or from trust and employment in our service, as we shall find them cordial and hearty therein, any person or persons heretofore or at this time actually employed in opposition to us, whether in the military way, as governors, colonels, captains, common soldiers, or whatsoever else; or in the civil, as sheriffs, under sheriffs, justices of the peace, collectors, high constables,



or any other of higher or lower quality. For securing of all whom before-mentioned in their loyal addressees and performances, (besides our army more than once successful since our entrance, which will be between them and the enemy, and the engagement of our own person in their defence, we have ordered this city to be forthwith fortified, and shall use such ways and means as shall occur to us, in order to that end. But, on the other side, if any person, of what degree or quality soever, either through disloyalty and disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel usurpers and oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our mercy and goodness, or, lastly, presuming upon former service, shall oppose or neglect us at this time, they shall find that as we have authority to punish in life, liberty, and estate, so we want not the power to do it, and, if over much provoked, shall not want the will neither: and in particular unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their loyalty, we say, it is now in their hands either to double the score or to strike it off; concluding with this, that altho' our disposition abound with tenderness to our people, yet we cannot think it such to let them lie under a confessed slavery and false peace, when, as we well know, and all the world may see, we have force enough with the conjunction of those that groan under the present yoke (we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us, but clearly without any considerable opposition) to restore, together with ourself, the quiet, the liberty, and the laws of the English nation.

Given at our City of WORCESTER, the 23d of August, 1651, and in the third Year of our Reign.

Upon Sunday, August 27, Mr. Crosby, an eminent divine of that city, preached before His Majesty in the cathedral church, and, in his prayer, stiled His Majesty, in all causes,  
and

and over all persons, next unto God, supreme head and governor : at which the presbyterian Scots took exception, and Mr. Crosby was afterwards admonished by some of them to forbear such expressions.

Tuesday, Aug. 26, was the rendezvous in Pitchcroft of such loyal subjects as came in to His Majesty's aid, in pursuance of his before mentioned declaration and summons. Here appeared,

Francis Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, with about sixty horse.	Mr. Wm. Seldon of Finstal.
Mr. Mervin Touchet, his Lieutenant-colonel.	Mr. Thomas Acton.
Sir John Packington.	Captain Benbow.
Sir Walter Blount.	Mr. Robert Blount of Ken- wick.
Sir Ralph Clare.	Mr. Robert Wigmore of Luton.
Sir Rowland Berkley.	Mr. Edward Pennel, senior.
Sir John Winford.	Captain John Kingston.
Mr. Ralph Sheldon of Beoly.	Mr. Peter Blount.
Mr. John Washburn of Witchinford, with forty horse.	Mr. Edward Blount.
Mr. Thomas Hornyold of Blackmore Park, with forty horse.	Mr. Walter Walsh.
	Mr. Charles Walsh.
	Mr. William Dansey,
	Mr. Francis Knotsford.
	Mr. George Chambers, &c.

Who were honoured and encouraged by His Majesty's presence. Notwithstanding this access, the number of his army, both English and Scots, was conceived not to exceed 12000 men, viz. 10000 Scots, and about 2000 English,



English, and those too not excellently armed, nor plentifully stored with ammunition.

Meantime Cromwell, that grand patron of sectaries, had amassed together a numerous body of rebels, commanded by himself in chief, and by Lord Grey of Groby, Fleetwood and Lambert under him, consisting of above 30000 men (mostly the scum and froth of the whole kingdom) one part of which were sectaries, who, thro' a fanatic zeal were become devotees to this great idol; the other part seduced persons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made actors or participants in this so horrible and fatal tragedy.

Thus then began the pickeerings to the grand engagement. Major-general Massey with a party, being sent by His Majesty to secure the bridge and pass at Upton-upon-Severn, seven miles below Worcester; on Thursday, Aug. 28, Lambert, with a far greater number of rebels, attacked him, and after some dispute gained the pass, the river being then fordable. Yet the Major-general behaved himself very gallantly, received a shot in the hand from some musketeers the enemy had conveyed into the church, and retreated in good order to Worcester.

During this encounter, Cromwell, whose head-quarter was the night before at Pershore, advanced

advanced to Stoughton within four miles of the city on the south side; himself quartered at Mr. Simon's house at White-Lady Aston, and a party of his horse faced the city.

The next day (Aug. 29) Sultan Oliver appeared with a great body of horse and foot on Red-hill, within a mile of Worcester, where he made a *bonne mein*, but attempted nothing; and that night part of his army quartered at Judge Berkley's house at Spetchly. The same day it was resolved by His Majesty at a council of war, to give the grand rebel a *camisado*, by beating up his quarters that night with 1500 select horse and foot, commanded by Lieutenant-general Middleton and Sir Wm. Keyth; all of them wearing their shirts over their armour for distinction: which accordingly was attempted, and might in all probability have been successful, had not the design been most traiterously discovered to the rebels by one Guyes, a taylor of the town, and a notorious sectary, who was hanged the day following, as the just reward of his treachery. In this action Major Knox was slain, and some few taken prisoners by the enemy.

A considerable party of the rebels, commanded by Col. Fleetwood, Col. Rich. Ingoldsby (who afterwards became a real convert, and was created Knight of the Bath at  
His



His Majesty's coronation), Col. Goff, and Col. Gibbons, being got over the Severn at Upton, marched the next day to Powick town, where they made a halt, for Powick bridge (lying upon the river Team between Powick town and Worcester) was guarded by a brigade of His Majesty's horse and foot, commanded by Major-general Robert Montgomery and Col. George Keyth.

The fatal third of September being come, His Majesty this day holding a council of war on the top of the Colledge-church steeple, the better to discover the enemies posture, observed some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over Severn, under Bun's-hill, about a mile below the city, towards Team's mouth. His Majesty presently goes down, commands all to their arms, and marches in person to Powick bridge, to give orders as well for maintaining that bridge, as for opposing the making the other of boats, and halted back to his army in the city.

Soon after His Majesty was gone from Powick bridge, the enemy assaulted it furiously, which was well defended by Montgomery, till himself was dangerously wounded and his ammunition spent; so that he was forced to make a disorderly retreat to Worcester, leaving Col. Keyth a prisoner at the bridge.

At the same time Cromwell had with much celererity finished his bridge of boats and planks over the main river, without any considerable opposition; saving that Col. Piscotty, with about 300 Highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handful of men fighting against great numbers. By this means Oliver held communication with those of his party at Powick bridge and when he had marched over a considerable number of his men, said, in his hypocritical way, The Lord of Hosts be with you; and returned himself to raise a battery of great guns against the Fort-royal, on the south side of the city.

His Majesty being returned from Powick-bridge, marched, with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison, and some other of his cavalry, through the city, and out at Sidbury-gate by the Fort-royal, where the rebels great shot came frequently near his sacred person.

At this time Cromwell was settled in an advantageous post at Perry-wood within a mile of the city, swelling with pride, and confident in the numbers of his men; having besides raised a breast-work at the Cockshoot of that wood, for his greater security: but Duke Hamilton (formerly Lord Lanerick) with his own troop and some Highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbus with his regiment of foot, and divers

C

English



English lords and gentlemen-volunteers, by His Majesty's command and encouragement, engaged him, and did great execution upon his best men; forced the great Sultan (as the Rhodians in like case did the Turk) to retreat with his Janizaries, and His Majesty was once as absolute master of his great guns, as he ought then to have been of the whole land.

Here His Majesty gave an incomparable example of valour to the rest, by charging in person, which the Highlanders especially imitated in a great measure, fighting with the but-ends of their muskets when their ammunition was spent; but supplies of rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main body of Scotch horse not coming up in due time from the town to His Majesty's relief, his army was forced to retreat in at Sidbury-gate in much disorder.

In this action Duke Hamilton (who fought valiantly) had his horse killed under him, and was himself mortally wounded, of which he died within a few days, and many of his troop (consisting much of gentlemen, and divers of his own name) were slain; Sir John Douglas received his death's wound; and Sir Alex. Forbus (who was the first Knight the King made in Scotland, and commanded the Fort-royal) was shot thro' both the calves of his legs,

legs, lay that night in Perry-wood, and was brought prisoner to Worcester next day.

The rebels in this encounter had great advantage, as well in their numbers, as by fighting both with horse and foot, against His Majesty's foot only, the greatest part of his horse being wedged up in the town; and when the foot were defeated, a part of His Majesty's horse fought afterwards against both the enemy's horse and foot upon great disadvantage. As they had few persons of condition among them to lose, so no rebels but Quarter-master-general Moseley and one Capt. Jones, were worth taking notice of to be slain in this battle.

At Sidbury-gate (I know not whether by accident or on purpose) a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown, and lay cross the passage, one of the oxen that drew it being there killed; so that His Majesty could not ride into the town, but was forced to dismount and come in on foot.

The rebels soon after stormed the Fort-royal, the fortifications whereof were not perfected, and put all the Scots they found therein to the sword.

In Friers-street His Majesty put off his armour, which was heavy and troublesome to him, and took a fresh horse: and then perceiving many of his foot-soldiers begin to



throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men; other whiles encouraging them, alledging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, said, I had rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day. So deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his loved country, even in the midst of his own danger.

During this hot engagement at Perry-wood and Red-hill, the rebels on the other side the water possessed themselves of St. John's, and a brigade of His Majesty's foot there, under the command of Major-gen. Daliel, without any great resistance, laid down their arms and craved quarter.

When the enemy were entering the town, both at the Quay, Castle-hill, and Sidbury-gate, without any conditions, the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Col. Wogan, Col. Carlis, Lieutenant-col. Slaughter, Capt. Hornyold, Capt. Giffard, Capt. Astley, Mr. Blount, Capt. Kemble, and some others, rallied what force they could, and charged the enemy very gallantly both in Sidbury and High-street, where Sir James and Capt. Kemble

ble were desperately wounded, and others slain; yet this action did much secure His Majesty's march out at St. Martin's-gate, who had otherwise been in danger of being taken in the town.

About the sametime the Earl of Rothes, Sir Wm. Hamilton, and Col. Drummond with a party of Scots, maintained the Castle-hill; till conditions were agreed on for quarter.

Lastly, some of the King's English army valiantly opposed the rebels at the Town-hall, where Mr. Colles, and some others were slain, Mr. Rumney, Mr. Wells, and others taken prisoners; so that the rebels, having subdued all their opponents fell to plundering the city unmercifully, few or none of the citizens escaping, but such as were of the fanatic party.

When His Majesty saw no hope of rallying his discomfited foot, he marched out of Worcester, at St. Martin's-gate, about six o'clock in the evening, with his main body of horse, as then commanded by General David Lesley, but were now in some confusion.

The Lord St. Clare, with divers of the Scottish nobility and gentry were taken prisoners in the town. And the foot soldiers were almost all either slain or taken; such of them as escaped death, lived but longer to die for the most part more miserably; many of  
them



them being afterwards knocked on the head by country people, some bought and sold for slaves at a small price; others went begging up and down, till, charity failing them, their necessities brought on them diseases and death.

Before His Majesty was come to Barbon's-bridge, about half a mile out of Worcester, he made several stands, faced about, and desired the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and other of his commanders, to rally and try the fortune of war once more: but at the bridge a serious consultation was held, and then perceiving many of the troopers to throw off their arms and shift for themselves, they were all of opinion the day was irrecoverably lost, and that their only remaining work was to save the King from those ravenous wolves and regicides: whereupon His Majesty, by advice of his council, resolved to march with all speed for Scotland.

Immediately after this result, the Duke asked Lord Talbot, (being of that country) if he could direct the way Northwards: who answered, that he had one Rich. Walker in his troop, who knew the way well: he was accordingly called to be the guide, and performed that duty for some miles; but being come to Kinver-heath, not far from Kidderminster, and day-light being gone, Walker was in a puzzle for the way. Here

Here His Majesty made a stand, and consulted with the Duke, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, &c. to what place he might march, at least to take some hours rest. The Earl of Derby told the King, that in his flight from Wiggan to Worcester, he had met with a perfect honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel-house; but withall acquainted him, it was a recusant's house: but it being suggested, that those people, being accustomed to persecution and searches, were most likely to have the readiest means and safest contrivances to preserve him; His Majesty therefore inclined to go thither.

Lord Talbot being made acquainted therewith, and finding Walker dubious of the way, called for Mr. Charles Giffard to be his Majesty's conductor, which office Mr. Giffard willingly undertook, having one Yates, a servant with him, very expert in the ways of the country. Being come near Stourbridge, it was under consideration whether the King should march thro' that town or no, and resolved in the affirmative; and that all about his person should speak French, to prevent any discovery of His Majesty's presence.

In the mean time General Lesley, with the Scottish horse, had, in the close of the evening taken the more direct way northward, by  
Newport,



Newport, His Majesty being left only attended by the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, Lord Wilmot, Col. Blague, Col. Roscarrock, Mr. Darcy, Mr. Lane, Mr. Armorer, Mr. May, Mr. Giffard, Mr. Street, and some others; in all about sixty horse.

At a house about a mile beyond Stourbridge His Majesty drank, and eat a crust of bread; and as he rode on, discoursed with Col. Roscarrock touching Boscobel-house, and the means of security which the Earl of Derby and he found at that place.

However Mr. Giffard humbly proposed to carry His Majesty first to Whiteladies, lying but half a mile beyond Boscobel, where he might repose himself a while, and then take such further resolution as His Majesty and council should think fit.—This house is distant about 26 miles from Worcester, and still retains the antient name of Whiteladies, from its having formerly been a monastery of Cistercian nuns, whose habit was of that colour.

His Majesty and his retinue being safely conducted thither by Mr. Giffard, alighted, now, as they hoped, out of danger of any present surprise by pursuit. Geo. Penderel opened the doors, and after the King and Lords were entered the house, His Majesty's horse was brought

brought into the hall, and by this time it was about day break on Thursday morning.

Mr. Giffard immediately sent for Richard Penderel\*, who lived near; and Col Roscarrock caused a boy in the house to be sent for Wm. Penderel; mean time Mrs. Giffard brought His Majesty some sack and biscuit. Richard came first, and was immediately sent to bring a suit of his cloaths for the King, and by the time he arrived with them William came, and both were taken into the parlour; and the Earl of Derby told William, This is the King (pointing to His Majesty) thou must have a care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me.

His Majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them his face, for a disguise, and some person had disorderly cut off his hair: then putting off his princely ornaments, he committed his watch to the custody of Lord Wilmot, and his George to Col. Blague, and distributed the

\* There were five brothers of the Penderels: 1. William, who lived at Boscobel. 2. John, who lived at Whiteladies. There was one Walker, an old gentleman, a priest, that lived in the house, and Mr. Huddleston having sometimes officiated for him, John came by that means to know him. 3. Richard, commonly called trusty Richard. 4. Humphrey, a miller. 5. George.—All the brothers lived in the wood, having little farms there, labouring for their livelihood, by cutting wood, having the benefit of some cow-grass to live upon.



gold he had in his pocket among his servants, and put on a coarse shirt, and R. Penderel's green suit and leather doublet. Then William and Richard advertised the company to make haste away, as there was a troop of rebels quartered at Cotfall, but three miles distant; some of whom came to the house in half an hour after the dissolution of the royal troop.

Richard conducted the King out at a back door, and carried him to an adjacent wood, called Spring-coppice; whilst William, Humphrey, and George, were scouting abroad, to bring what news they could learn to His Majesty in the coppice, as occasion required.

The King being thus in a way of security, the Duke, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, and the rest, marched from Whiteladies northward, by the way of Newport, in hopes to overtake General Lesley with the main body of Scottish horse.

As soon as they were got into the road, the Lord Leviston overtook them, pursued by a party of rebels commanded by Col. Blundell: the lords with their followers faced about, fought, and repelled them; but when they came a little beyond Newport, some of Col. Lilburn's men met them in the front, and other rebels from Worcester pursued them in the rear. Themselves and horses being sufficiently

ciently tired, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Giffard, and some others, were taken, and carried prisoners to Bunbury, in Cheshire, where Mr. Giffard made his escape; but the Earl of Derby was thence conveyed to Westchester, and there tried by a pretended Court-martial, held Oct. 1, 1651, by virtue of a commission from Oliver Cromwell.

In this black tribunal there sat, as judges, these persons, and under these titles:

Col. Mackworth, President.	Captain Smith.
Major-general Milton.	Captain Downes.
Colonel Duckenfield.	Captain Corbet.
Colonel Bradshaw.	Captain Delves.
Colonel Croxton.	Captain Griffith.
Colonel Twifleton.	Captain Portington.
Lieutenant-col. Birkenhead.	Captain Alcock.
Lieutenant-col. Finch.	Captain Pownall.
Lieutenant-col. Newton.	Captain Grantham.
Captain Stepford.	Captain Stelfax.

#### Their cruel Sentence.

Resolved by the Court, upon the question, That James Earl of Derby is guilty of the breach of the Act of Aug. 12, 1651, entituled, An Act prohibiting correspondence with Chares Stuart or his party; and so of high treason against the Common-wealth of England; and is therefore worthy of death.

Resolved by the Court, That James, Earl of Derby, is a traitor to the Common wealth of England, and an abettor, encourager, and assister of the declared traitors and enemies thereof; and shall be put to death by severing his head from his body, at the Market-place, in the town of Boulton, in Lancashire, upon Wednesday, the 15th of this instant October, about the hour of one o'clock.



This was the authority that condemned this noble earl to death, notwithstanding his just plea, That he had quarter for life given him by one Capt. Edge, who took him prisoner: and, on Oct. 15, he was accordingly beheaded at Boulton.

The Earl of Lauderdale with several others, were carried prisoners to Windfor-castle, where they continued divers years.

The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Leviston, Col. Blague, Mr. Darcy, and Mr. May, forsook the road, and taking a foot-path, got into Bloor-park, about five miles from Newport, where they received some refreshment at a little obscure house of Mr. Geo. Barlow; and afterwards meeting with two honest labourers in an adjoining wood, to whom they communicated their distress, the Duke thought fit to imitate his royal master, and changed habit with one of them: and in this disguise, by the assistance of Mr. Barlow and his wife, was conveyed to the house of Mr. Hawley, at Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire; from thence to Lady Villiers's house, at Brooksbury, in Leicestershire; and after many hardships, his grace got safe to the King in France.

Lord Leviston, Col. Blague, Mr. Darcy, and Mr. May, disguised themselves, and shifted for themselves. Mr. May in particular,  
was

was forced to lie twenty-one days in a hay-mow belonging to one Bold, an honest husbandman, at Sondley; and when the coast was clear of soldiers, Mr. May came to London on foot in his disguise.

Lord Talbot hasted towards his father's, at Longford near Newport; where being arrived, he conveyed his horse into a neighbour's barn; but was immediately pursued by the rebels, who found the horse saddled, and by that concluded my lord was not far off: so that they searched Longford-house narrowly, and continued in it four or five days: during all which time, my lord was almost stifled in a close place in one of the out-houses, and must have perished for want of food, had he not been relieved by a servant in the dead of the night.

The valiant Earl of Cleveland, who had also escaped from Worcester, and got to Woodcote, in Shropshire, was pursued, and taken at Mrs. Broughton's house, and thence carried prisoner to the Tower of London.

Col. Blague, remaining at Mr. Barlow's, hid His Majesty's George under a heap of dust and chips; but could not conceal himself so well: for he was soon after taken and carried prisoner to the Tower of London, where the George was privately conveyed to him; and the Colonel, not long after happily escaping, restored it to the King.

The



The Scotch cavalry were soon totally dispersed, and most of them taken by the rebels, and country people in Cheshire.

But to return to the King. By the time that R. Penderel had conveyed His Majesty to the obscurest part of the coppice, it was about sun-rising, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities : therefore Richard went to Francis Yates's house, who had married his wife's sister, where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded, and laid on the ground under a tree for His Majesty to sit on; and spoke to the good-wife Yates to get some victuals. She presently made ready a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to the King in the wood, who, tho' a little surprized to see the wowan, (no good concealer of a secret) said cheerfully to her, Good woman, can you be faithful to a distrissed cavalier? She answered, Yes, sir, I will die rather than discover you.

During His Majesty's stay there, he talked with Richard about going to London, as he and Lord Wilmot had proposed, and asked him many questions about gentlemen on or near the road, but found him a stranger to any man of quality or fashion in the way thither: therefore he resolved to attempt an escape by passing the Severn into Wales.

In

In the mean time Lord Wilmot, with John Penderel for his guide, took the London road, but found the passes so strictly guarded, that he was glad to turn back, and shelter himself in the house of Mr. Huntbach of Brinford, a protestant gentleman: whence John conveyed their horses to a neglected cottage, and went to look out for some better retreat. In his way he accidentally met with Mr. Huddleston, and relating the quest he was upon, walked with him to Mr. Whitgrave's of Moseley, where he lived, taking care of the education of Sir John Preston, and that gentleman's two nephews. Huddleston putting John into his chamber, went to Mr. Whitgrave, and prevailed with him to go with John to Mr. Huntbach's, where he talked with my Lord; and it was agreed, that Mr. Huntbach should bring his guest, about ten that night to a close of Mr. Whitgrave's, where this last attended his lordship, and conducted him to his house. Early the next morning, Mr. Whitgrave sent to Col. Lane's to see if he could entertain two horses of the King's friends, whose persons he could better secure than the horses. Lane received them, and sent Whitgrave word he would come about one o'clock to a corner of the close next his house to see his guest; whom he invited to his own house at Bentley,

as



as a place of greater security, and where he might have the benefit of a pass, which his sister had obtained for herself and servants into the West. Wilmot thanked him for the offer, but resolved not to stir as yet, wanting first to hear some news of his master.

On Thursday night, as soon as it was dark, His Majesty (having eat some bread and cheese at one of the Penderel's) set out with Richard on foot towards the Severn, intending to cross at it a ferry, half way between Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury. As they were travelling on, about twelve or one o'clock at night, they came by a mill, where they heard some people talking; and Richard desired the King not to answer, if any man should ask him a question, because he had not the accent of the country. When they were got near the mill, they could see the miller sitting at the door; and upon his calling out, Who goes there? Penderel answered, Neighbours going home. The miller thereupon cried out, If you be neighbours, or else I will knock you down. This making them believe there was company in the house, Richard bade the King follow him close; so running to a gate which led into a dirty lane, the miller cried out Ro uez, rogues! upon which several came out of the mill after them, who seemed to be soldiers. This put them on running

ning up the lane, as fast and as long as they could run, the road being very deep; till the King bid Richard leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if they were followed. They did so, lying on the ground for half an hour; and then, hearing nobody come, they continued their way to a village upon the Severn, where Richard told His Majesty, there lived a very honest gentleman, one Mr. Wolfe, who had hiding holes for priests, and he might be concealed there with great safety. The king did not care to go in till he knew the gentleman's mind, and staying in a field, ordered Richard not to tell who he was, but only to ask Mr. Wolfe, whether he would receive an English person of quality, to stay with him all the next day, till night came on and allowed him to travel again. Mr. Wolfe being told it was one who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, It was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that for his part he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it was the King himself. Penderel thereupon, very indiscreetly, and contrary to express directions, telling him, It was His Majesty: Wolfe replied, He should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure him: and the King receiving from Richard this account, went into the house.

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Mr.



Mr. Wolfe, meeting His Majesty, told him, He was sorry to see him there, because there were two foot companies of the militia in the town, who kept a guard at the Ferry, to examine every body that came thither; and he durst not put him into any of the hiding holes in his house, because they had been all discovered; so that to go into his barn, and lie behind his corn and hay, was the best method he could think of for their security. This being agreed on, the old gentleman, without making any bustle in his house, gave them what cold meat was ready in it: and they went to the barn, lying there all the next day; towards the evening whereof, Mr. Wolfe's son came home to his father. When it grew a little darkish, they brought some meat into the barn, and the King consulting them whether he might get safely over the Severn into Wales, they advised him, by no means to attempt it, on account of the strict guards kept all along the river. His Majesty thereupon came to a resolution of going back that night, the same way he came; and resumed his design of going to London. He set out as soon as it was quite dark: but when they came near the mill, having no mind to be questioned a second time, he asked Richard, Whether he could swim, how deep the river was, and  
if

if it was not passable? Penderel replying, That he could not swim, and it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places; the King said, It was but narrow, and he would undertake to help him over. Passing over some closes to the river, the King who could swim, entered it first, and finding it reach but little above his middle, lent his companion a hand, and helped him over. Thus without any other adventure, they went to Penderel's house, expecting to hear some news of Lord Wilmot.

In the interim Lord Wilmot had sent John Penderel to Whiteladies and Boscobel, to learn how all passed with the King; who returned with an account that he was gone with R. Penderel to Wales; on which my Lord resolved to use Col. Lane's sister's pass himself. John was sent the next morning to Col. Lane's to desire the horses might be sent that night for Wilmot's coming to him. They were accordingly sent, and my Lord went to Bentley.

It was near day, on Saturday, when the King arrived at Penderel's, much fatigued by travelling two nights on foot: and after enquiry about Lord Wilmot, asking what other news there was, was told, that there was in the house one Col. Carlis, a very honest gentleman of that country, who had escaped thither from Worcester. The King sent for him



to the room where he was, and having a little refreshed himself, consulted with him what was fit to be done in the day for their safety. The Colonel said, It would be too dangerous either to stay in the house or go into the thick part of the wood; and he could think of but one way to pass the day, which was, to get into a great oak in a pretty plain place, where they might see round them, since the enemy would certainly search the wood. This proposal was approved, and the Colonel making choice of a thick leaved oak, Wm. and Rich. Penderel helped them into it, and brought them such provision as they could get, with a cushion for His Majesty to sit on. The Colonel desired the King, who had taken little rest the two preceding nights, to seat himself as easily as he could, and rest his head in his lap, who was watchful that he might not fall. In this tree they continued all day, and His Majesty slumbered some part of the time, bearing these hardships with incomparable patience.

In the evening they returned to the house, and Wm. Penderel shewed His Majesty the secret place where the Earl of Derby had been secured, which he liked so well, that he resolved, while he staid there, to trust only to that, and go no more to the Royal Oak, as  
from

from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at ease.

The King now, finding himself in a place of security, permitted Wm. Penderel to shave him, and cut his hair as short at top as the scissars would do it, leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode. Colonel Carlis attending, told the King, William was but a mean barber; to which His Majesty answered, I was never shaved by a barber before. The King ordered William to burn the hair which he cut off; but he kept a good part of it, wherewith he afterwards pleased some persons of honour, who kept it as a relick.

Humphrey Penderel went this day to Shef-nal, to pay some taxes to one Capt. Broadway, at whose house he met with a Colonel of the rebels, who examined him strictly, and laid before him as well the penalty for concealing the King, which was death without mercy, as the reward for discovering of him, which should be 1000l. certain pay. But neither fear of punishment, nor hope of reward could tempt Humphrey into any disloyalty.

At night the good-wife Penderel provided some chickens for His Majesty's supper, and a pallet was put in the secret place for him to rest on; some of the brothers continually watching the avenues of the house, to prevent a surprise.

After



After supper, Col. Carlis asked the King, what meat he would please to have provided for the morrow, being Sunday; His Majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had; but it was thought dangerous for William to go to any market to buy it, as it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers in his house; therefore the Colonel found another expedient to satisfy His Majesty's desires; and early on Sunday morning he repaired to one Mr. Stanton's sheep-cote, where he chose one of the best sheep, stuck him with his dagger, and sent William for the mutton.

On Sunday morning the King got up early, and near the secret place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, and was observed to spend some time in his devotions. Soon after His Majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a bleeding, which greatly alarmed his faithful servants, till he told them, it often did so.

As soon as the mutton was cold William cut it up, and brought a leg of it into the parlour, some of which the King cut into collops, and fried himself: the Colonel, being but under-cook, made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

The Colonel afterwards attending the King in France, His Majesty merrily proposed, as

a question, Whether himself or the Colonel was the master-cook at Boscobel? and the supremacy was of right adjudged to the King.

His Majesty spent some part of this day in reading, in a pretty arbour which grew on a mount, in Boscobel-garden, and wherein there was a stone table and seats about it; and commended the place for its retiredness.

The King understanding by John Penderel, who returned from Mosely on Saturday evening, that Lord Wilmot was at Whitgrave's; this trusty messenger was dispatched back, on Sunday morning, with orders to Wilmot to take some course for His Majesty's speedy removal from a place where he was beset with dangers; and meeting Mr. Whitgrave and Huddleston in the fields, acquainted them with his message. They immediately went with him to my Lord at Bentley; where it was resolved that Wilmot should meet Whitgrave at his usual stand, and that R. and J. Penderel should bring the King to such a place as Huddleston should appoint. And my Lord stopped Mrs. Lane's journey till His Majesty's pleasure was known.

John Penderel returned to Boscobel in the afternoon, with intimation of this design: but His Majesty not having recovered his late foot journey to Mr Wolfe's, was not able without



a horse to perform this to Moseley, which was about five miles from Boscobel, and near the mid-way from thence to Bentley. It was therefore concluded that he should ride upon Humphrey's mill-horse, which was taken from grass, and accoutered with a pitiful old saddle and a worse bridle.

When the King was mounted Col. Carlis took leave of him; being so well known in the county, that his attendance would rather have proved a disservice; and His Majesty rode on attended by the five honest brothers and Francis Yates, each armed with a bill or pike-staff, and some had pistols: intending, if they should be encountered by any small party, to shew as much valour in defending His Majesty, as fidelity in otherwise serving him.

After some experience of the horse, the King complained, it was the dullest jade he ever rode on: to which Humphrey answered, beyond the usual capacity of a miller, My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has got the weight of three kingdoms on his back.

When His Majesty came within two miles of Mr. Whitgrave's house, his guides desired him to alight, and go the rest of the way on foot; the foot-way being nearer and more secure. Humphrey, William, and George, returned

turned with the horse; the other three attended His Majesty; who being gone a little way had forgot to bid farewell to William and the rest who were going back; so he called to them, and said, My troubles make me forget myself, I thank you all.

Wilmot and Whitgrave met punctually, and about three in the morning, Huddleston and Whitgrave met the King at his stand, and brought him to Wilmot; who declaring to them who the person disguised was, they fell upon their knees and kissed His Majesty's hands. The habit that he came in was a very greasy old grey hat, with the brims turned up, no lining nor hatband; the sweat appearing two inches deep thro' round the band place; a threadbare green cloth jump coat; breeches of the same, with long knees; an old sweaty leather doublet; a pair of white flannel stockings next his legs, which had been his boot stockings, their tops cut off to prevent discovery, and over them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, and their feet cut off, which he had from Mr. Wolfe, who persuaded him to hide his white ones; an old coarse shirt, torn and patched at the neck and wrists; no gloves; his shoes cut and flashed, with little rolls of paper between the toes to keep him from galling; and

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his hands and face made of a reechy colour, by the help of walnut-tree leaves.

In this miserable garb was the king brought into the house; and having seen the secret hole (which he liked, tho' a sorry place for a king) was carried to his chamber; where sitting down on a bed-side, he eat some biscuit, drank a glass of wine, and bled again a little at the nose, which was not unusual. Then he went to the fire, sat in a chair, and let Mr. Huddleston take off his shoes which were wet and full of gravel; and put on fresh stockings and clean linnen; and being thus refreshed was pleased to say cheerfully, I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God to place me once more at the head of but eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, and resolved to fight, I do not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdoms.

On Monday, Sept. 8, when the day began to dawn, a bed was put by Whitgrave and Huddleston into the secret hole, and the King, after a short repast, retired thither to rest before any of the family were stirring. The three young gentlemen, Mr. Huddleston's pupils, were between eight and nine in the morning planted in three garrets, to give notice if any soldiers were coming. This service the youths performed very diligently all day, and at night  
when

when they were at supper, Sir John called to his companions, and said, more truly than he imagined, Come lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the life-guard to-day.

Before Lord Wilmot betook himself to his dormitory, he conferred with Whitgrave, and said, If it should happen that the rebels have any intelligence of you harbouring any of the King's party, and should put you to any torture for confession, besure you discover me first, which perhaps may satisfy them and secure the King. This was the expression and care of that loyal subject, worthy eternal memory. In the afternoon, Whitgrave had intelligence that some soldiers were in the neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him, upon information that he had been at Worcester fight. The King was then laid down upon Huddleston's bed, but Whitgrave presently secured him and my Lord in the secret place, left open all the chamber doors, and went boldly down to the soldiers, assuring them, as his neighbours also testified, that he had not been from home in a fortnight last past; with which asseveration the soldiers were satisfied, and came not up stairs at all.

On Tuesday, His Majesty spent most of the day in his chamber, accompanied by Huddleston, and from the window of a cloiet over the



porch, saw many of his poor soldiers marching off from Worcester, all stripped without shoes or stockings, and scarcely any thing left to cover their nakedness, eating peas, handfuls of straw pulled up in the fields, roots and raw coleworts which had been thrown to the hogs, not daring to call at any house, or to beg for bread, but what people gave them in mere compassion. He knew some of them to be Highlanders of his own regiment, and one of them an officer.

Mrs. Whitgrave, who kept below with the servants (none of them knowing the King was there) was this day told by a countryman that came to the house, that he heard the King, upon his retreat had beaten his enemies at Warrington-bridge, and that there were three kings come to his assistance. This story the old gentlewoman related to His Majesty, who smiling, said, Surely they are the three kings of Cologne come down from heaven, for I can imagine none else.

This day, Sept. 9, the rebels at Westminster set forth a proclamation, for the discovery and apprehending of Charles Stuart, for so they usually stiled His Majesty, his adherents and abettors; with a promise of 1000l. reward to whomsoever should apprehend him. And besides gave strict orders to all officers of  
sea-

sea-port towns, that they should permit none to pass beyond sea, without special licence.

On Monday, about midnight, Lord Wilmot returned to Bentley, with orders to consult with Col. Lane about the best means of the Kings getting to London : but great dangers attending every method that could be thought of, the colonel after mature consideration, judged it most adviseable for His Majesty to take the opportunity of his sister's going to a cousin of hers, married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles beyond Bristol, on the Somersetshire side; he might ride before her as a servant, and from thence might easily find shipping to get out of England.

The King approving this advice, after taking leave of Mr. Whitgrave and Huddleston, and giving them thanks, went away, on Tuesday night, to Bentley, where he changed his cloaths for a little better habit, like a serving man's, being a kind of grey cloth suit; and assumed the name of William Jackson, passing for a son of one of the colonel's tenants.

The next morning, Mrs. Lane and he began their journey towards Bristol, accompanied by Mr. Lassels, a kinsman to the colonel, and Mr. John Petre, of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and his wife, Mrs. Lane's sister; resolving to lie at a place called Longmarston.



marston. They had not set out above two hours, when the horse the King rode casting a shoe, they were forced to ride to a scattering village to get another put on: and as he was holding up his horse's foot, he asked the smith, What news? the fellow saying, There was none that he knew of, since the good news of beating the rogues the Scots; the King asked him, Whether there were any of the English that joined the Scots taken. He answered, That he did not hear the rogue Charles Stuart was taken, but some of the others were: and upon the King's telling him, That if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots; the smith said, He spake like an honest man; and so they parted. About a mile before they came to Stratford-upon-Avon, they espied on the way a troop of horse, the riders being alighted, and the horses eating some grass by the road side; staying there, as they supposed, whilst the muster-master was providing their quarters. A poor old woman that was glean- ing in the field, cried out of her own accord, without any occasion given her, Master, do not you see a troop of horse before you. Mrs. Lane's sister's husband, seeing this troop just in their way, said, That for his part he would not go by them, for he had been beat once  
or

or twice by the parliament soldiers, and he would not run the venture again. The King hearing him say so, begged softly in Mrs. Lane's ear, that they might not turn back but go on, for the troopers would certainly send after them to see who they were, if they should see them turn about. But notwithstanding all she could say to her brother-in-law, he turned quite about, and went another way into Stratford, the troop being then about five hundred yards before them, and the men just getting on horseback, so that they came up with it in the town of Stratford. There Mrs. Lane parted with her sister and brother, who did not know who the King was, nor yet her kinsman, in whose house they lay that night at Long-marston: where the king being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook-maid busy in providing supper, she desired him to wind up the jack; this he attempted to do, but hit not the right way, on which the maid, in some passion, asked him, What countryman he was, that he knew not how to wind up a jack? He answered very satisfactorily, I am a poor tenant's son of Col. Lane's in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast-meat, but when we have we don't make use of a jack; which in some measure assuaged the maid's indignation. The next night,  
Sept.



Sept. 11, they lay at Cirencester; and from thence, next day, went to Mr. Norton's beyond Bristol.

Mrs. Lane was no sooner alighted, than she called for the butler of the house, whose name was Pope, and who had served Tom Jermyn, groom of the bed-chamber to the King when he was a boy at Richmond, and bade him take care of Wm. Jackson, having been lately sick of an ague, still weak, and not fully recovered; as might be well enough inferred from a paleness of his countenance, occasioned by the want of meat, and his late great fatigues. Pope had likewise been a trooper in the late King's army: but the King was not to be known in that house for any thing but Lane's servant: Pope however took great care of him that night; the pretence of his illness serving as an excuse for his not eating with the servants. The next morning he rose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery hatch to get his breakfast; where finding Pope, with two or three other men in the room, they all fell to eating bread and butter, being supplied with very good ale and sack by the honest butler. As he was sitting there, one that looked like a country fellow sat just by him; and in his talk, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester

to

to the rest of the company, that His Majesty concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers: but asking how he came to give so good an account of it, the man said he had been in the King's regiment. His Majesty imagined at first he meant Col. King's regiment: but questioning the fellow further, he found he had been in his own regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company. Enquiring further, what kind of person His Majesty was, he gave in his answer an exact description of his cloaths and horse; and looking upon him, said, he was at least three fingers taller than him; which made the King hasten out of the buttery, for fear the man should recollect him, being more afraid of his knowing him when he found he was one of his own soldiers, than when he took him for one of the enemy's. He went with Pope into the hall, and just as they entered it, Mrs. Norton was coming thro' it; upon which the King pulled off his hat, and stood with it in his hand, as she passed. He observed, that as he was pulling off his hat, Pope looked very earnestly in his face; but taking no notice of it he went out of the house to take a walk in the fields; and coming to a place where some young men were playing at a game of ball called Fives, one of them asked him, if



he could play, and would take his part at that game. He pleaded unskilfulness, and modestly refused.

The King coming back, after about half an hour's walk, and going directly to his chamber, was no sooner got there than Mr. Lassels came to him, and with some concern said to him, What shall we do? I am afraid Pope knows you: for he maintains to me that it is you, and tho' I denied it, he is still very positive. The King presently, without more ado, asked, If Pope was a very honest man, or not? and Lassels replying, He knew him to be so honest a man that he dare trust him with his life, he having been always on the same side with them; His Majesty thought it better to trust him than to go away and leave him under the suspicion. Sending therefore for the butler, he told him, He was very glad to see him there, and would trust him with his life, as being an old acquaintance. Pope was a discreet fellow; and asking the King what he intended to do, said, It was very fortunate that he knew him; he might otherwise run very great dangers in that house; for tho' the master and mistress were very good people, there were still in it one or two great rogues; and if he could be useful to him in any thing, desired to receive his commands.

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The King telling him his design of getting a ship, if possible, at Bristol, ordered him to go thither that very day, to see if he could meet with any ship going either to France or Spain, and to get him a passage therein. He acquainted him likewise with an agreement he had made at Col. Lane's with Lord Wilmot, to meet him that day at Mr. Norton's, and that he expected him accordingly. Pope thereon told him, It was very lucky that he knew him, and was apprized of Wilmot's design; for if that nobleman should have come thither, he would certainly have been known to several people in the house; and that it was absolutely necessary to prevent his coming.

Before His Majesty left Bently, Col. Lane conveyed him a back-way into the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting the part of Will. Jackson, mounted him on a good double gelding, and directed him to come to the gate of the house; which he punctually performed, with his hat under his arm.

Old Mrs. Lane, who knew nothing of this great secret, would needs see her beloved daughter take horse, which whilst she was intending, the Colonel said to the King, Will thou must give my sister thy hand. But His Majesty, unacquainted with such little offices,



offered his hand a contrary way; which the old gentlewoman taking notice of, laughed, and asked the Colonel her son, What goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her.

Soon after the King was gone from Bently, Lord Wilmot, Col. Lane, and R. Swan, my Lord's servant, took horse, with a hawk and spaniels with them for a disguise, intending to go to Sir Clement Fisher's house, at Packington, in Warwickshire, where the Colonel knew they should be both welcome; and the same night arrived safely there: where they found a reception suitable to the nobleness of his mind and a security answerable to the faithfulness of his heart. The next morning my Lord dispatched the Colonel to London, to procure, if possible, a pass for the King, by the name of Wm. Jackson, to go into France, and to bring it himself, or send it, as opportunity offered, to Mr. Norton's house, where my Lord designed to attend His Majesty.

On Saturday, Sept. 13, Lord Wilmot arrived at a village within a mile or two of Mr. Norton's house; and Pope meeting with him there, carried him to an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where he lodged him till night; and then conducted him, by a back door, to  
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His Majesty's chamber, which was the same in which Mr. Laffels likewise lay.

In the mean time Pope had been at Bristol to enquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart sooner than a month, which was too long for the King to stay thereabouts; and a new consult was held with him and Wilmot about what was proper to be done in this exigence. In considering what place of retreat might best answer His Majesty's purpose, Pope observed, that there was a very honest gentleman, Col. Francis Windham, formerly governor of Dunstar-castle, who lived on the edge of that county of Somerset, towards Dorset, at Trent, within two miles of Sherborn, who might probably find means of getting him a passage abroad: and the King resolved to go thither, that gentleman being his old acquaintance, and a man of great resolution and integrity.

The night before they were to go away a misfortune happened, which might have been very prejudicial to their design. Mrs. Norton, who was very big, fell in labour, and miscarrying of a dead child was extremely ill; so that they were at a loss to find an excuse for Mrs. Lane's leaving her cousin in that condition; yet it was not safe to stay any longer in a house to which there was so great a resort of  
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idle disaffected people, and so near Bristol, where thousands must have known the King whilst he resided in that city. Laffels was consulted in the matter; and it was concluded to counterfeit a letter from Bentley, to give an account to Mrs. Lane, that her father was taken extremely ill, and ordered her to come away immediately, lest otherwise she should not find him alive. Pope delivered this letter so well, whilst they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane acted her part so dexterously, that they all believed old Mr. Lane to be really in great danger; and it furnished his daughter with an excuse for going away with the King next morning.

They set out accordingly: and lying that night at Mr. Kirton's, at Castle Cary, went the next day to Col. Windham's, at Trent, where they parted with Mrs. Lane and Mr. Laffels who returned to Bentley. Wilmot could never be persuaded to put on any disguise, saying, He should look frightfully in it, and for that reason would not put on any: this exposing him to be known by people whom they met accidentally on the road, the King still took care to send him a little before, or leave him to come after, that he might not be seen in his company. Wilmot meeting him by appointment at Trent, they asked Col. Windham

Windham, whether he had any acquaintance in any maritime town on the coast of Dorset or Devon. Windham could not readily think of any to be depended on; but being very intimate with Col. Giles Strangeways, went to him directly, to learn whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth, Lime, or some other sea-port. Strangeways had not any, having been always faithful to the King, and on that account had been imprisoned some years in the Tower, and long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad; and it being unsafe for him to be found busy on the sea-coast, he desired Windham to try what he could do in the affair himself, particularly with Mr. W. Elefson, a merchant of Lime, and Capt. Alford, who happened to be then in Portugal. He likewise sent three hundred broad pieces to the king, judging they would be necessary to him in his present condition; for he durst carry no money about him in his mean garb and short cut hair, except about ten or twelve shillings in silver. Windham hereupon went to Lime, and spoke with Elefson about hiring a ship, which he undertook; but not till he was told, it was for His Majesty's transportation.

During the four or five days which the King this first time staid at Windham's, where he  
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was known by most of the family, he heard the bells ring, and seeing a company got together in the church-yard, which was very near the house, he sent down a maid (who knew him) to enquire what was the matter. Upon her return she came up, and told him, there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army, who was telling the people he had killed the King, and it was his buff-coat he had then on: and this was the reason that the bells rang, and a bonfire was made for joy, most of the village being fanatics.

Elefdon (who loved money, and had lately married a rich Presbyterian wife) treated with one Stephen Limbry, master of a small bark of thirty tons, for carrying over two gentlemen (one of whom had married a great fortune, and was troubled by her father and friends) who desired a passage to any part of France: and agreed with him for 25*l.* in hand, and as much upon his return, and bringing a note of his having landed the gentlemen. Limbry was bound for St. Malo's, and had taken in goods for that port: but on this agreement took them out, and ballasted his ship, the charge whereof Elefdon undertook to defray; and appointed a day for the King's coming to a house at Charmouth, about two miles from Lime, belonging to his brother-

ther-in-law (a noted Oliverian) in order to embark. Wilmot and Windham, with a servant of his named Henry Peters, sat out accordingly from Trent; and, to cover the matter the better, the King rode before Mrs. Judith Coningsby (a relation of Windham's), still going by the name of Jackson. It had been agreed, that Limbry should bring his vessel out of the Cobb at Lime, to a little creek near Charmouth, and send his boat ashore to take in the gentlemen at the creek, and carry them over to France, for which the wind being north, and very fair, gave hope of a favourable passage. Elefson meeting them at his brother-in-law's, gave them this account, and then went to Lime to hasten the master.

In the interim, the rebels proclamation for apprehending the King, and prohibiting for a certain time the transportation of any person without a particular licence, had been published in and about Lime: and Limbry having acquainted his wife, that he had agreed to transport two or three persons into France, whom he believed might be cavaliers, it seems the grey mare was the better horse; for she locked up her husband in his chamber, and would by no means permit him to go the voyage.

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The King, with his company, sat up all night, expecting the ship to come out; and upon her failure, Wilmot was sent with Peters to Lime, the next morning, to know the reason. Being troubled how to spend the day, the horses were ordered to be got ready; and the King's, which carried double, having a shoe loose, a smith was sent for; who looking over the shoes of the other horses, said, he knew that some of them had been shod near Worcester. When he had fastened the shoes, he went presently to consult with one Westby, a rigid foolish presbyterian, minister of Charmouth, who was then in the midst of a long-winded prayer; and before he had done the king was gone with Mrs. Coningsby and Mr. Windham, to Bridport; purposing to stay there till they heard from Wilmot the reason of the ship's failing the night before. Just as they came into the town, they could see the streets full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of 1500 men, commanded by Col. Haynes, and going to embark for reducing Jersey. Windham, startled at the sight, asked the King what he would do: who answered, that the only thing to be done, was to go impudently to the best inn in the place, and take a chamber there; for in case they went any where else they should  
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miss of Wilmot, which would be very inconvenient. Riding directly to the best inn, they found the yard full of soldiers, and the King, thinking it the best way to blunder in amongst them, led the horses, as soon as he alighted, thro' the midst of them into the stable, which made them complain of his rudeness. When he came into the stable, he took the bridles off the horses; and calling the hostler to help him to give them some oats, the man said, Surely he should know his face, for he had seen him somewhere. This was no pleasant discourse to his Majesty; who thinking it the best way to ask him, where he had lived? and whether he had been always there or not? found by his answers, that he was a native of Exeter, and had been ostler in an inn there, adjoining to one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, at whose house the King had lain, in the time of the rebellion against his father. He thought it best to give the fellow no occasion of thinking further where he had seen him, lest he should guess right at last: and therefore said, Friend, you have then certainly seen me at Mr. Potter's; where I lived a good while, above a year, in his service. The man replying, Then I remember you a boy there, was put off from thinking any more on the subject; but pressed hard that they might drink a pot



of beer together. The King excused it by saying, He must go to wait upon his master, and get his dinner ready: but as his master was going towards London, not proposing to stay above three weeks, they should have time to drink a hearty pot upon his return. They had no sooner dined, than Wilmot came into the town from Lime, but, having observed where they were, went to another inn; upon which they left Bridport, taking the road which led to London. Before they had rode two miles, Wilmot overtook them, and said, There had been a misunderstanding between the master of the vessel and his wife; but he believed it might be ready the night following. This made them take the first turning on the left-hand out of the London road, which proved very lucky: for the smith's intelligence being carried to Lime, ten or twelve troopers had been dispatched to pursue them; and arriving at Bridport in less than half an hour after they were gone out of the town, enquired at their inn what road they had taken, and being informed it was the London, they continued their pursuit, without stopping, till they came to Dorchester. The King, in the mean time, and his company, not thinking it proper to go back again to the place where they had sat up the night before, nor yet to be at a distance from

from the place of embarking, went thro' by-ways to a village, about four miles from Lime, more up in the country, called Broadwater; and sending Peters to learn of Eleſdon, whether the ſhip would be ready that night, came in the evening to the George Inn in that place, a houſe well known to Windham. It was ſo full of ſoldiers that there was only one chamber at the top of it for the king and his company: and one of the ſoldier's doxy's being brought to bed in the houſe, it cauſed the conſtables and overſeers to come there at an unſeaſonable hour of the night, to take care that the brat might not be left to the charge of the pariſh. Peters bringing back an account from the merchant, that the maſter, apprehenſive of its being ſome dangerous employment, would not undertake to carry them over, they were forced to go back again to Trent, where the King might be in ſome ſafety till another veſſel could be procured.

Mr. Edw. Hyde, brother-in-law to Colonel Windham, dining that day at Trent, chanced to ſay in diſcourſe, that he had been the day before at Salisbury, where he had ſeen father Philips (ſo the worthy Col. Robert Philips was uſually called by his friends) who was returned to his family, and had a promiſe from the committee that he ſhould not be moleſted;  
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their fears being quieted by the business of Worcester. The King hereupon dispatched, the next day (Thursday, Sept. 25) Lord Wilmot to Salisbury, to Col. Philips and Mr. J. Coventry. Wilmot arriving there at the King's Arms, kept by one Hewett, a hearty cavalier, sent first for Mr. Coventry, to whom he told his errand: and Col. Philips being then sent for, Mr. Coventry left the two old army acquaintance together, and went into the next room to take a pipe with Hewett. Philips at first appeared shy and reserved, till Wilmot perceiving it, told him he was ordered to be free with him, and to let him know that the King was at Trent, and could not tell how to dispose of himself; but being assured of his fidelity, desired his service. Philips, at first astonished at hearing of the King's situation, undertook the service; and Coventry coming in after the matter was settled, they drank a bottle or two, and heard from Wilmot a relation of His Majesty's adventures since the battle of Worcester. After parting, Philips told Coventry as they were going thro' the Close, all that had passed; and this gentleman readily offered his assistance. The next morning Philips went to Southampton, to speak with an acquaintance of his, Mr. Horne, a merchant of very good credit in that place: but

but he being out of town, and expected to return the next day, the Colonel left a letter for him, telling him he had business, and was going to Col. St. Barbe's house, six miles off, and desiring him to come thither the next day if he returned home time enough. Horne returning in the morning, came to St. Barbe's by dinner: and Phillips taking him out afterwards into the garden, told him, he wanted a vessel to carry a friend or two to France. After some pause, Horne told him, there was a man, master of a bark, now at home, so honest, that he would trust ten thousand lives in his hands, and would hasten home immediately to bespeak him; and departing in the instant, appointed Philips to meet him and the master the next day (Sunday) about three in the afternoon, at Redbridge. They met, and Horne made an agreement between them for 40l. but the bark being ashore, the master desired some money in hand to provide it with men and provisions. Philips gave him 20l. and the master promised to be ready by Wednesday night, when the first was to come to the Bear Inn, without the gates of Southampton, to receive an account. Horne and the master coming to him there at the time appointed, told him, the bark was pressed to carry provisions to Blake's fleet, then before Jersey.



Jersey : the master returned 10l. of the money, and both the Colonel and Horne thought it unsafe to make any new attempt at Southampton.

Philips returned to Salisbury, and consulted with Mr. Coventry and Dr. Henchman (afterwards Bishop of London) about trying the Suffex coast, and getting the assistance of Col. Gunter, who lived near Chichester, and was well known to Dr. Henchman. Both wrote to him ; and sent their letters by Mr. Hyde, a loyal sequestered clergyman. And being solicitous for His Majesty's safety, it was concluded that he should be desired to remove to Heale, (three or four miles from Salisbury) a house belonging to Mrs. Hyde, widow of the eldest brother of Serjeant Hyde, afterwards Chief-justice of the King's-bench, whom they knew to be as discreet and loyal as any of her sex.

With this advice Mr. Coventry dispatched his chaplain (Mr. Selleck) to Trent, with a little letter rolled up into the size of a musket-ball, which the faithful messenger had orders to swallow in case of any danger. Who returning with His Majesty's resolution to come to Heale, signified by a like paper bullet : Col. Philips went, on Sunday, Oct. 5, to Trent, where the King having passed about

about a fortnight in all, and being known to many, it was not very proper for him to stay any longer.

During His Majesty's stay at Trent, he was, for his own security, forced to confine himself to his chamber, which was accommodated with an old well-contrived secret hole, long before made by some of the ancient family of the Gerhard's, Col. Windham's lady's ancestors, who were recusants, and had formerly been owners of that house.

His Majesty's meat was likewise, for the most part, dressed in his own chamber; and there was no cost spared, nor care wanting in the Colonel, for the entertainment and preservation of his royal guest.

On Monday morning, the King, Mrs. Coningsby behind him, and Peters, Col. Windham's servant, set out to Heale, under the conduct of Col. Philips, who knowing the country carried them the most private ways. Arriving at Mere, a little market-town in Wiltshire, they dined at the George Inn, and the host, whom the Colonel knew to be perfectly honest, sat at table with the king, and administered matter of discourse, telling the Colonel, as news, That the men of Westminster (meaning the rebels) notwithstanding their victory at Worcester, were in a great



maze, not knowing what was become of the King; but (said he) it is the most received opinion that he is come in a disguise to London, and many houses have been searched for him there: at which his Majesty was observed to smile. After dinner the host familiarly asked the King, If he were a friend to Cæsar? and he answering, Yes: Then, said the landlord, here's a health to King Charles, in a glass of wine; which the King and Colonel pledged. And His Majesty, after his restoration, was pleased to ask, What was become of his honest host at Mere.

It was almost dark when the King arrived at Heale, accompanied only by Col. Philips, passing for a friend of his, and not intending to make himself known: but he had no sooner alighted at the door, than Mrs. Hyde knew him, tho' she had never seen him but once in her life, some years before, in the time of the war, when being with his father in the army, it passed by Salisbury. But being a very discreet woman, she took no notice of her discovery; and they sat down to table with the company then in the house, viz. Mr. Freckeric Hyde, his sister-in-law, a widow, and Dr. Henchman, who came thither by appointment. Whilst they were at supper, the King observed Mrs. Hyde, and her brother

brother Frederic, look very earnestly at him, and guessed thence that they might know him; but it gave him no pain, because he intended to let her know who he was: and accordingly discovered himself to her after supper. There had been a small room made in the house, since the beginning of the troubles, for the concealment of delinquents; and Mrs. Hyde said, She could hide him there very conveniently till his ship should be ready. But as it was not safe to trust any body with the secret besides herself and sister, she advised him to take horse the next morning, making as if he quitted the house, and to return in the evening, when she would order matters so, that all her servants and every body else should be out of the way, except herself and her sister.

Peters waiting upon Mrs. Coningsby back to Trent in the morning, the King and Col. Philips mounted and rode along the Downs; viewing Stone-henge, the stones of which, in despite of fabulous tales, His Majesty counted twice exactly, and amusing themselves till the afternoon, when the Colonel, having delivered the King into Dr. Henchman's hands in the fields near Heale, rode that evening, leading the horse His Majesty had rode, to his intimate friend Mr. Jones's house,



at Newton-Tony. From thence, early in the morning, he went towards Col. Gunter's, who, by means of his kinsman, Mr. Tho. Gunter, a prudent loyal gentleman, and Mr. Francis Mansell, a merchant of great integrity, had procured Capt. Tattershal to be ready with his bark, on Tuesday Oct. 14, at Bright-helmston. Things being thus settled, Dr. Henchman was sent from Salisbury to Heale (where the King had been fed in his hole several days by Mrs. Hyde and her sister, without the knowledge of any body else) to give notice of the success, and prepare him to be ready at the meadow gate, opening towards the river, where Col. Philips was to be at three in the morning, with a led horse for His Majesty. The Colonel was there at the time, but, by misfortune, the King's horse broke his bridle in entering at the meadow gate, and ran up the river. It was some time and no little trouble, before he could be recovered and brought back, and what had been broke amended; but this being done, they set out towards Brighthelmston; and in the afternoon, near Hambledon, seven miles from Portsmouth, met Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter, who carried them to the house of his brother-in-law Mr. Simonds, a loyal hearty gentleman, but too great a lover of the bottle.

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The King was not to be known in this place, being still in his ordinary plain grey cloth suit; and whilst Gunter's sister was entertaining them at supper, the master of the house came in, having been all the day playing the good-fellow at an alehouse in the town, and, taking a stool, sat down with the company. His brother Gunter chancing to talk very feelingly of Cromwell, and all his party, Mr. Simonds, whispering him in the ear, asked, If W. Jackson (the king, whose cropped hair he did not like) was not some round-headed rogue's son, for he looked very suspiciously. But the Colonel answering for him, that he might trust his life in his hands, he took him by the hand, and drank a good glass of strong beer to him, calling him, brother round-head.

It was about this time, that the Earl of Southampton, being at Tichfield, suspecting for some reason or other that His Majesty was in the country, sent to Col. Philips, or Dr. Henchman, to offer his service in the King's escape: but His Majesty being then provided of a ship, would not expose him to the danger of being concerned in the affair.

The next morning early they all set out for BRIGHTHELMSTON, except Philips, who, leaving them, went by the King's command, procured  
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by Wilmot, to London, to provide money to meet His Majesty at Rouen; Gunter following him thither, after the King was embarked, about some demands of money, made by those he employed, and receiving 100 l. which was repaid, on his return to Salisbury, by Mr. Coventry.

At Brighthelmston, which was thought a more convenient place of meeting than Shoreham, about four miles off, where the ship lay, they met Mansel the merchant (who had hired the ship and knew the King), and Tattershal the master. Whilst they were at supper, the King observed this last to look very much at him; and when it was over, the master taking the merchant aside, told him, he had not dealt fairly with him, in hiring his vessel only to carry over a person of quality who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming any body, for though he had given him a very good price for carrying a gentleman, he ought to have told him it was the king, whom he knew perfectly. The merchant denied it, and would fain have persuaded him he was mistaken: till Tattershal said, I know him very well; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels of Brighthelmston, in the year 1648; (it was when the prince commanded his father's fleet, that

that he took those vessels and very kindly dismissed them) but, said he, be not troubled, for I think I shall do God and my country good service in serving His Majesty; and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and my all to set him safe ashore in France, if possible. The merchant acquainting the King with what had passed, he found himself under a necessity of trusting the master, yet took no notice of it to him presently: and thinking it improper to let him go home, lest he should ask advice of his wife, or any body else, kept him in the inn, and sat up all night with him, drinking beer and taking tobacco.

The King here run another danger, being confident that he was known by the inn-keeper. For as he was standing after supper by the fire-side, leaning his hand upon a chair (all the rest of the company being gone into another room) the master of the inn came in, after a little discourse, and looking about to see there was no body in the room, he, on a sudden, kissed the hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to the King, God bless you, where ever you go. I don't doubt before I die to be a lord, and my wife a lady. The King laughed, and went into the next room, not desiring at that time any further discourse, which might raise suspicion. The man



man had been one of the late King's guards; there was no remedy against being known; his Majesty thought fit to trust him, and the man proved not only faithful but serviceable.

About four in the morning, on Thursday, Oct. 16, the King and his company, taking the master of the ship on horseback behind one of them, went towards Shoreham, and came to the side of the vessel. It was not above sixty ton, and lying dry at low water, the King and Wilmot got into her by a ladder: and, till the tide came to fetch them off, lay down in the little cabbin. His Majesty was no sooner got into the ship, and laid on the bed, than the master coming to him, fell down upon his knees, and kissing his hand, said, He knew him very well, and would venture his life, with all he had in the world to land him safe in France. It was about seven, at high water, that the ship got under sail, being bound for Poole, and laden with sea-coal. The master, not caring it should be seen from Shoreham that he did not keep his direct course, stood all the day with a very easy sail towards the isle of Wight: and as they were sailing, desired the King to persuade his men to join with him in interceding, that he would set him and his friend ashore in France, the better to cover him from  
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any suspicion of such a design. His Majesty going down to the men, who were four and a boy, told them, they were two merchants, who, through some misfortunes were a little in debt; and as they were afraid of being arrested in England, and had some money owing them in Rouen, it would be very obliging in them to persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give them a trip over to Dieppe, or any other port near Rouen. Twenty shillings, given them to drink, gained their assent to the proposal, and they promised to second him when he moved it to the master; who at first pretended difficulties, saying, It would hinder his voyage, though he was offered a consideration for it; but the seamen joining their persuasions very heartily, he at last yielded to set them over. Thus about five in the evening, being in sight of the isle of Wight, they stood directly over for the coast of France, the wind being full north, and saw it a little before day the next morning. But the tide failing, and the wind turning to south-west, they were forced to come to an anchor within two miles of the shore, till the flood was done. They were then just before Fecamp, in Normandy; and just as the tide of ebb was made, they espied a vessel to the leeward, which, by her nimble working,

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the King suspected to be an Ostend privateer, and proposed to Wilmot going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear of being plundered for entering a French port, or perhaps carried off and set ashore in England. The master being of the same opinion (though it proved only a French sloop) landed them in his boat at Fecamp, where they passed the day; and the wind turning favourable, Tattershal proceeded to Poole, without its being ever known he had touched in France: his men, by making themselves parties in that act being obliged to keep silence.

This very bark, after His Majesty's happy restoration, was, by Capt. Tattershal, brought into the river of Thames, and lay some months at anchor before Whitehall, to renew the memory of the happy service it had performed.

His Majesty having nobly rewarded Capt. Tattershal in gold for his transportation, rode the next day to Rouen, attended by the faithful Lord Wilmot, where he found bills of exchange from Col. Philips, and furnished himself with better cloaths: but he and Wilmot made such an uncouth figure at their first coming, that going to the best inn of the place in the Fish-market, they were taken for thieves, or worse than beggars, and could

could not be received, till Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, being sent for, came and answered for their characters.

The King continued several days at Rouen, incognito, in the house of Mr. William Scot, afterwards created a Baronet, till he had sent an express to the Queen, his royal mother, (who had been long solicitous to hear of his safety) and the court of France, intimating his safe arrival there.

Upon the first intelligence of this welcome news, his highness the Duke of York sent his coach immediately, to attend the King at Rouen; and Lord Gerrard, with other of His Majesty's servants, made all possible haste, with joyful hearts, to perform their duty to him.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29, His Majesty set forwards to Paris, and lay that night at Fleurie, about seven leagues from Rouen: the next morning his royal brother, the Duke of York, was ready to receive him at Magnie; and the same evening His Majesty was met at Mouceaux, a village near Paris, by his mother, the Queen of England, accompanied by her brother, the Duke of Orleans; and attended by a great number of coaches, and many English and French noblemen and gentlemen on horseback, was joyfully conducted the  
same



same night, though somewhat late, to the Louvre, at Paris, to the inexpressible joy of his mother, the Queen, his brother, the Duke of York, and all true hearts.

Such were the most remarkable adventures and circumstances of the King's escape; which considering the reward of 1000l. set upon his head, the fury and diligence of his enemies, the terror which all the word had of their power and vengeance, the length of time during which he wandered in no better a disguise than what was made by his cropped hair and mean habit, or lay concealed in houses, and the multitude of persons of very ordinary rank by whom he was known, can be deemed little less than miraculous. The news of it gave infinite joy to all lovers of the antient constitution of England: and so extraordinary a deliverance, seeming to mark him out as reserved for some better fate, was deemed an earnest of some future blessings designed him by the same providence, which now watched over his preservation, and appeared afterwards full as signally in his restoration.

The regicides in the mean time fancied themselves established for ever; the cavalier party in England being so crushed, that they seemed to have no spirit left, nor to be in any disposition

disposition to disturb their government; and the best part of Scotland being subdued, Sterling castle surrendered, the Earls Mareschal, Leven, Crawford, Lindsay, and Loudon defeated and taken, and every body so terrified at the slaughter made by the storm of Dundee, that there was little room to apprehend any further disturbance in that kingdom. But the Parliament, not long after, receiving intelligence how the King escaped, they vowed to make Mrs. Lane exemplary. But she, having notice of their intentions, put on the habit of a country-maid, and so crossed the country on foot to Yarmouth, where she got shipping, which conveyed her safe into France. His Majesty, having notice of her arrival, sent some persons of quality in coaches to conduct her to Paris; himself, with the Queen his mother, and his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, going some part of the way to meet her, entertaining her with this grateful expression, Welcome, my life! and taking her into his own coach, conducted her to Paris; where she was entertained with the applause and wonder of the whole court. The Parliament, in the interim, had sent soldiers to search after her, who missing their prey, they in revenge  
burnt



burnt down to the ground a poor cottage, in which His Majesty took shelter after his escape from Worcester.

The following observation may be thought not unworthy of our story. Many there were who had got rich prizes in the plunder of the city of Worcester, by which they imagined themselves enriched all the days of their lives; but this wealth was to them *Aurum Tholosanum*, being not only consumed in a short time, but wasted with it the rest of their estates. As for the city it quickly exalted itself, and was soon in a better condition than before.

Some may perhaps think that the particulars of this history should have been continued to the time of His Majesty's happy restoration, by giving an account of the reception the King found from the several princes abroad during his exile; and of his evenness of mind and prudent behaviour to them upon all occasions: but that was clearly beyond the scope of this intention, which aimed only to write the Wonderful History of a great King, violently pursued in his own dominions by the worst of rebels, and miraculously preserved, under God, by the best of subjects.

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In other countries, of which His Majesty traversed not a few, he found kindness and a just compassion for his adversity from many, and from some a shameful neglect and disregard: yet in almost all the nine years he was abroad, no passage of his life approached the degree of a miracle like those at home: we therefore may, pursuant to the before intencion, not improperly make a transition from His Majesty's arrival at Paris, Oct. 30, 1651, to his return to London, on May 29, 1660.

We have hitherto only admired His Majesty's fortitude, which was signally manifest in his courage during the time of battle, and in his patience, by suffering his following afflictions with an undaunted and even spirit; yet his gratitude and tenacious memory remain still to be recorded: for among the many persons who were instrumental and serviceable in this his great deliverance, there was scarce one whose face, after so many years space, he did not perfectly remember, and whose merits he did not particularly own and reward, either in fact, or by his royal promise.

He dignified Lord Wilmot, of principal merit in this service, with the Earldom of Rochester; and doubtless his acknowledgments



ments had not been so bounded, but that death snatched that faithful nobleman away, before his great master's restoration.

Besides His Majesty's grace vouchsafed to Mrs. Jane Lane and Colonel Francis Windham, the two most honourable Houses of Parliament took notice of the great services performed by them, and were so sensible thereof, that on the seventeenth of December, 1660, they voted one thousand pounds to be given to the one, and on the nineteenth of the same month, voted the like sum to the other, with the thanks of the Parliament, the representative of the whole nation.

Dr. Henchman was advanced to the see of Salisbury, and afterwards translated to the bishoprick of London.

Mr. George Norton received the honour of Knighthood.

Colonel Philips was deservedly preferred to be one of the Grooms of His Majesty's Bed-chamber.

And Mr. Selleck was made Doctor in Divinity, and promoted to the Arch-deaconry of the cathedral church of Bath.

Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Huddleston, as soon as they heard that the King was not only got safe to Colonel Lane's, at Bentley, but

but gone securely from thence, lest any discovery should be made of what had passed at Mosely both absented themselves from home. The one went to London, the other to a friend's house in Warwickshire, where they lived privately till such time as they heard his Majesty was arrived safely in France, and no part of the above transactions at Mosely had been discovered to the rebels, and then they returned home. Soon after his Majesty's restoration, Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Whitgrave made their humble addresses to him, from whom they received a gracious acknowledgment of their service and fidelity to him; and this in so high a degree of gratitude, and in so condescending a frame of spirit, not at all puffed up by prosperity, as cannot be paralleled in the best of Kings.

Mr. Whitgrave was descended from the antient family of the Whitgraves, of Burton, in the county of Stafford; and was first a Cornet, and afterwards Lieutenant to Capt. Thomas Giffard, in the first war of King Charles I.

Mr. John Huddleston was a younger brother of the renowned family of the house of Hutton John, in the county of Cumberland, and was a gentleman-volunteer in the service of King Charles I, first under Sir John Preston

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the elder, till Sir John was rendered unserviceable by the desperate wounds he received; and after, under Colonel Ralph Pudsey, at the battle of Newark.

His Majesty had not been long gone from Boscobel, but Colonel Carlis (who had been concealed along with the King in the oak, and staid at Boscobel after His Majesty set out to Mosely) sent Wm. Penderel to Mr. Humphrey Ironmonger, his old friend, at Wolverhampton; who not only procured him a pass from some of the rebel-commanders, under a feigned name, to go to London, but furnished him with money for his journey, by means whereof he got safe thither, and from thence into Holland, where he brought the first happy news of the King's safety to his royal sister the Princess of Orange.

This Colonel William Carlis was born at Bromhall, in Staffordshire, within two miles of Boscobel, of good parentage: he was a person of approved valour, and was engaged all along in the first war for King Charles I. and, after his death, was no less active for King Charles II. for which, and his particular service and fidelity before mentioned, that King was pleased, by letters patent under the great seal of England to give him by the name of William Carlos (which in Spanish

Spanish signifies Charles) the following very honourable coat of arms, *in pertuam rei memoriam*, as it is expressed in the letters patent:

He bears upon an Oak Proper, in a Field Or, a Fesse Gules, charged with three Regal Crowns of the second; by the name of Carlos. And for his Crest, a Civic Crown, or Oaken Garland, with a Sword and Scepter crossed through it Saltier-wise.

The Oak is now properly called the Royal Oak of Boscobel, nor will it lose that name whilst it continues a tree, nor that tree a memory whilst we have an inn left in England; since the Royal Oak is now become a frequent sign both in London and all the chief towns of this kingdom.

After His Majesty's happy restoration, when these mysteries came to be revealed, hundreds of people, from many miles round, flocked to see the famous Boscobel, which had once the honour to be the palace of His Sacred Majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oak, which was deprived of all its young boughs by the numerous visiters of it, who kept them in memory of the King's happy preservation in it: insomuch that Mr. Fitzherbert, the proprietor, was forced, in a



due season of the year, to crop part of it for its preservation, and was afterwards at the expence of fencing it about with a high pale, the better to transmit the happy memory of it to posterity.

This Boscobel-house was a third time fortunate: for (besides the concealment of the King and the Earl of Derby) after Sir George Booth's forces were routed in Cheshire, in August, 1659, the Lord Brereton, who was engaged with him, took sanctuary there for some time, and was preserved.

But to look a little back, great was the list of prisoners taken at Worcester, and so many taken in the pursuit, that the gleanings were almost answerable to the harvest; and more considerable to those who were publickly suffered to make a gain of the common prisoners, who were sold to several merchants, and sent as slaves to Barbadoes.

It may not be amiss to take notice here, that after the battle of Worcester was over, which was, indeed, one of the most decisive ones that was fought during the whole war, Cromwell did not stay above three days in that city. But during that short stay he took care to fill every place with cruelty, so that the blood of the King's soldiers ran down the streets like common water. Gibbets were erected

erected at the doors of many of the most active and loyal citizens; particularly one at the Mayor's door, near forty feet high, from which he narrowly escaped, a fever putting an end to his life the night before he was to have been executed. — Cromwell having satiated his revenge, staid, as I have observed, only three days, to see the fortifications demolished, and the trenches filled up; and having detached a party of horse towards the North (for it was the most general report that the King had escaped into Lancashire), immediately went off for London, and took his seat in the house; having before acquainted the members with this his great success, and assured them, in his perplexed stile, that it was a Crowning Affair. He was met at Acton by the Speaker and Members of the House of Commons, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Recorder of London; which last, in laboured harangue, congratulated his great successes, and arrogantly exalted his great achievements.

As soon as the news of the King's unhappy defeat was spread abroad, in what strange canting language did the fanatics communicate their exultations to one another; particularly in a letter (hypocritically pretended to be written from the Church of  
Christ



Christ in Wrexham) there is this malignant expression, " Christ has revealed his own  
" arm, and broke the neck of the mighty  
" once and again, and now lately at Worcester; so that we may conclude (in  
" Ezekiel's phrase) there will be found no  
" roller for the King's arm to hold a  
" sword again, &c. And now," said they,  
" were not people blind, they might see  
" God himself owning our cause in these  
" wonderful successes he bestows upon us."  
And to make their joy appear the greater, public days of thanksgiving were appointed, in order to make God the patronizer of their villanies, murders, tyrannies, and treasons.

The very next day after the King had left Boscobel, being Monday, the eighth of September, two parties of the rebels came thither, having received information that some of the Penderels were instrumental in his preservation; the one was part of the county troop, who searched the house with some civility; the other (Captain Broadway's troop) did it with more severity, eat up their little store of provisions, plundered the house of what was portable, and one of them presented a pistol to William Penderel, and much affrighted my dame Joan; yet both parties returned

returned as ignorant as they came of the intelligence they so greedily sought after. And besides the temptations that Humphrey overcame at Shefnal, Wm. Penderel was twice questioned at Shrewsbury on the same account by Capt. Fox, and one Lluellin, a sequestrator; and Richard was much threatened by a peevish neighbour at Whiteladies: but neither threats nor temptations were able to batter the fort of their loyalty.

Let us here sum up the number of those persons who were privy to His Majesty's disguise and concealment; viz. Mr. Giffard, the Penderels, their mother, and three of their wives, Col. Carlis, Francis Yates and his wife, divers of the inhabitants of Whiteladies (which then held five families), Mr. Wolfe, his wife, son, daughter, and maid, Mr. Whitgrave and his mother, Mr. Huddleston, Col. Lane and his sister, and then consider, whether it were not indeed a miracle, that so many men, and (what is far more) so many women, should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a secret.

These dangers being over, William began to think of making satisfaction for the fat mutton which Col. Carlis had killed for the use of the King, and accordingly tendered Mr. Stanton its worth in money; but he under-  
standing



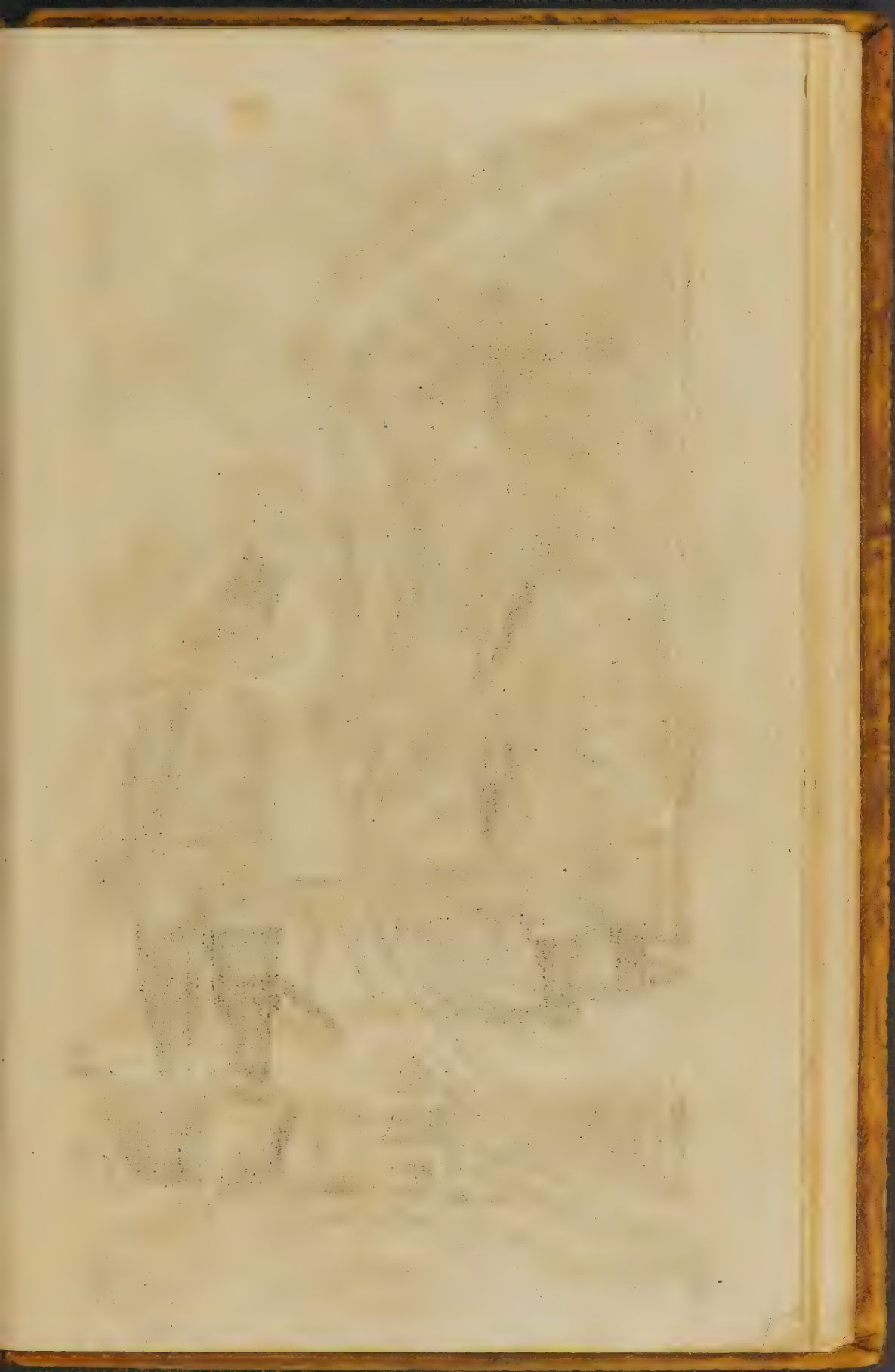
standing the sheep was killed for the relief of some honest cavaliers, who had been sheltered at Boscobel, refused to take the money, but wished, much good it might do them.

These Penderels were of honest parentage, but mean degree, all born at Hobbal Grange, in the parish of Tong, and county of Salop; John, Thomas, and George were soldiers in the first war for King Charles I. and Thomas was killed at Stow fight.

After His Majesty's restoration, the five brothers attended him at Whitehall, on Wednesday, June 13, 1660; when the King was pleased to own their faithful service, and graciously dismissed them with a princely reward.

The following story is related of William Penderel: That, upon his first arrival in London, being in St. James's Park, and meeting His Majesty, he ran to the King, and took him by the arm, with such an unadvised rudeness, to kiss his hand, as made him, more severely than ordinary, demand who he was? But when he replied, He was that William who fed His Majesty in the oak; the King immediately ordered the Marquis of Ormond (Lord High-steward of the household) to take charge of him, to see that he was well provided for.

FIDELITY









FIDELITY and FORTITUDE fear  
no DANGER.

*For Loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game ;  
True as the dial to the sun,  
Altho' it be not shone upon.---HUD.*

**R**ICHARD Penderel, who, for the extraordinary fidelity he shewed to King Charles II. was generally known in that monarch's court by the name of Trusty Dick, having happily preserved His Majesty from the fury of those keen hunters after royal blood, the soldiers of Cromwell ; the King, after his restoration, that the fidelity and services of Trusty Dick might be transmitted to posterity, settled an annuity of one hundred pounds on him and his heirs for ever, and gave him a coat of arms, pertinently exhibiting his own troubles, and the bearer's merit.

M

Mr.



Mr. Penderel, for his unbiaffed honour and integrity, lived and died in the honourable esteem, of all who were friends to the royal cause and regal government, and lies buried in Saint Giles's church-yard, in the Fields, London, where a small monument bears this inscription:

Here lieth  
 RICHARD PENDEREL,  
 Preserver and Conductor to His Sacred  
 Majesty King CHARLES II.  
 Of Great Britain,  
 After his escape from Worcester Fight,  
 In the Year 1651;  
 Who died February the 8th, 1671.  
*Hold passenger, here is sbrouded in this  
 hearse  
 Unparrallel'd Penderel thro' the universe.  
 Like when the Eastern Star from heaven  
 gave light  
 To three lost kings, so he, in such dark night,  
 To*

*To Britain's monarch, lost by adverse war,  
On earth appear'd, a second Eastern Star,  
A Pole a-stern, in her rebellious main,  
A pilot to his royal sovereign.*

*Now to triumph in heaven's eternal sphere  
He's hence advanc'd, for his just steerage  
here;*

*Whilst Albion's chronicle, with matchless  
fame,  
Embalms the story of Great Penderel's  
name.*

His late Majesty, King George II. in  
memory of such exemplary merit in  
low life, ordered Mr. Penderel's  
monument to be cleaned up and  
beautified in the year 1739.

*Thus do the virtues of the brave and just,  
O'er death triumph, and flourish in the  
dust.*



A  
MODERN CHARACTER  
O F  
King CHARLES II.

**T**HIS prince, who had spent his time abroad during the usurpation of Cromwell, returned to England in the year 1660, when the whole kingdom united in receiving with loud acclamations, a King, who according to the general expectation, was to restore the public tranquillity and happiness. He was then in the thirtieth year of his age, and was crowned April 3, 1661. He was remarkable for his affability, and was so easy and complaisant, that from the engaging manner in which he received the requests that were made to him, he seemed to take a pleasure in conferring of favours ; but his subjects lost a great part of that esteem and affection with which this inspired them, on their afterwards discovering how little they could depend on his kind words and fair promises. He was even forgetful of his old friends and the favours they had done him. He was so addicted to his pleasures, that though he had great judgment, a lively wit, and great penetration, his ministers frequently found it very difficult to engage

engage him to apply a few hours to business; but when he was in a humour for it, he would do more in one day than they could in seven. As during Cromwell's government, enthusiasm had spread through the kingdom; religion, especially at court, was now laid aside, and the smallest appearance of it was esteemed unfashionable and ridiculous. Dissipation, and a love of women and wine, spread through all ranks; and this became the reign of wit, gallantry, and lewdness. Yet arts and manufactures flourished, the Royal Society was founded, and in this reign appeared some of the greatest philosophers and divines the world has produced. By the advice of his brother the Duke of York, Charles stretched the royal prerogative, and, in many instances, violated the liberties of the people. He even seized on all the charters of the corporations, in order to humble the people, and granted others on such conditions as the court thought proper. Yet, though his administration was despised, the people loved his person, and were willing to bear with the faults of one, whose behaviour was a continued instance of good-nature and affability. He died. Feb. 6, 1685, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and thirty seventh of his reign.





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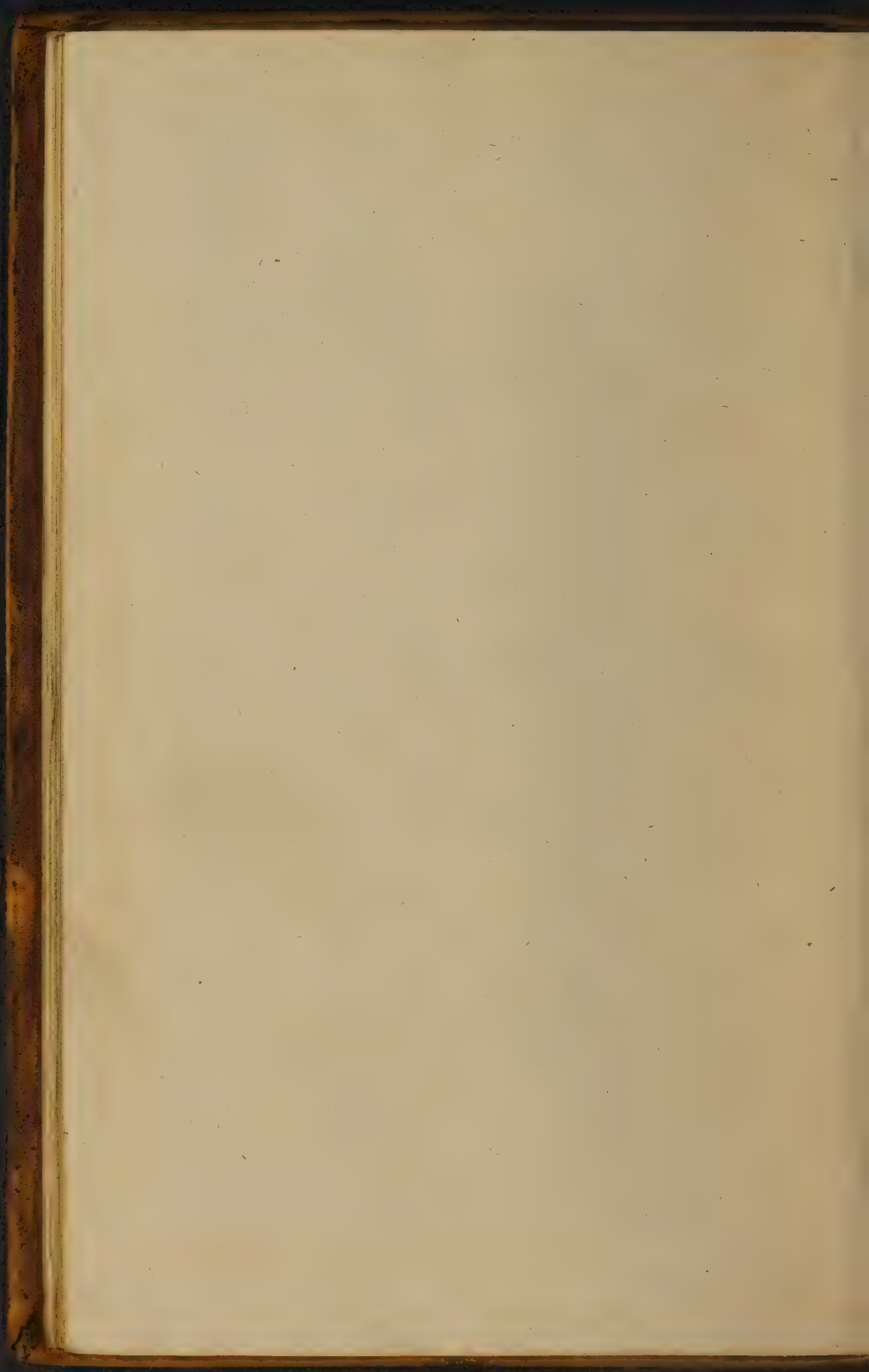
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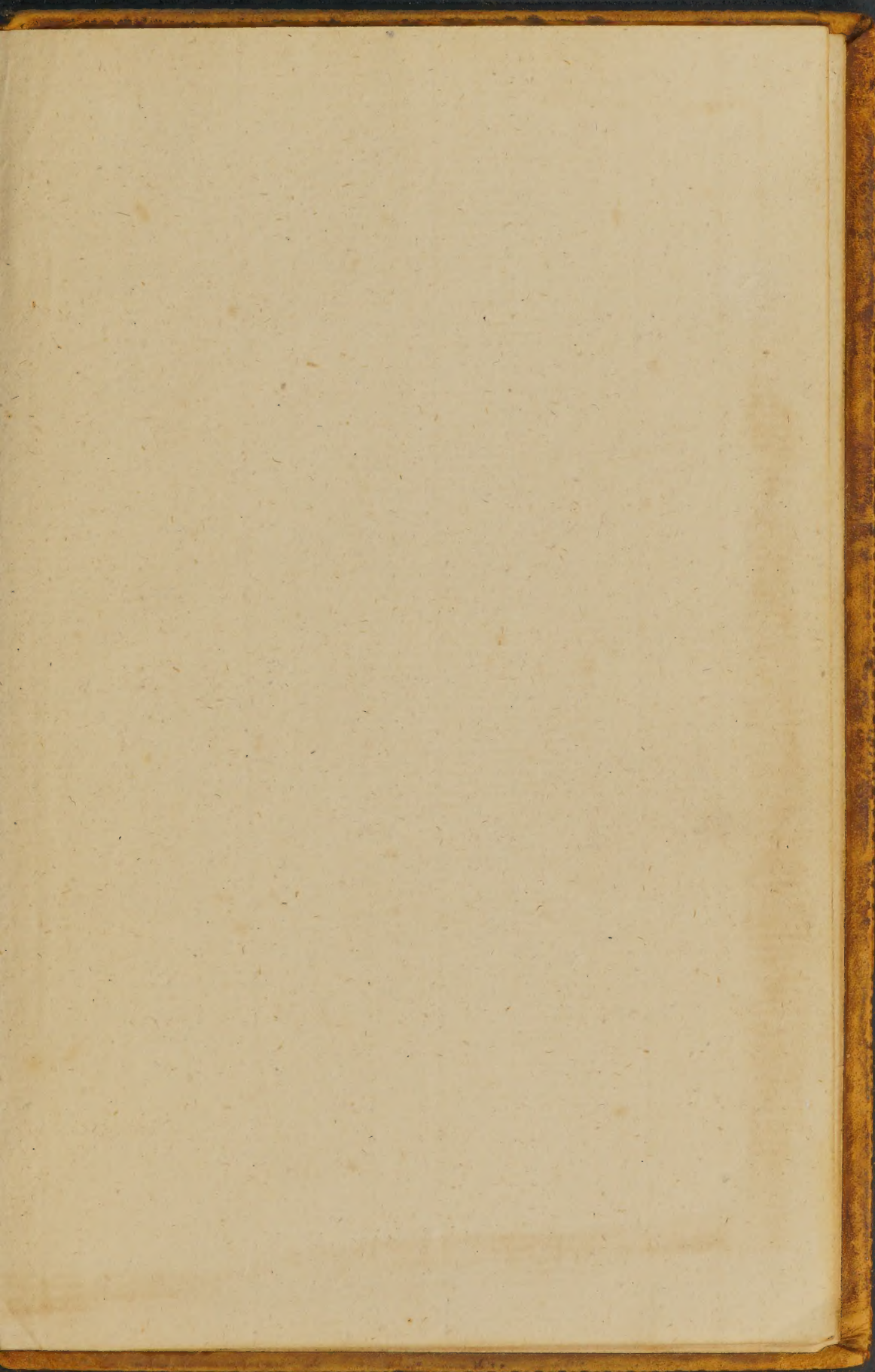
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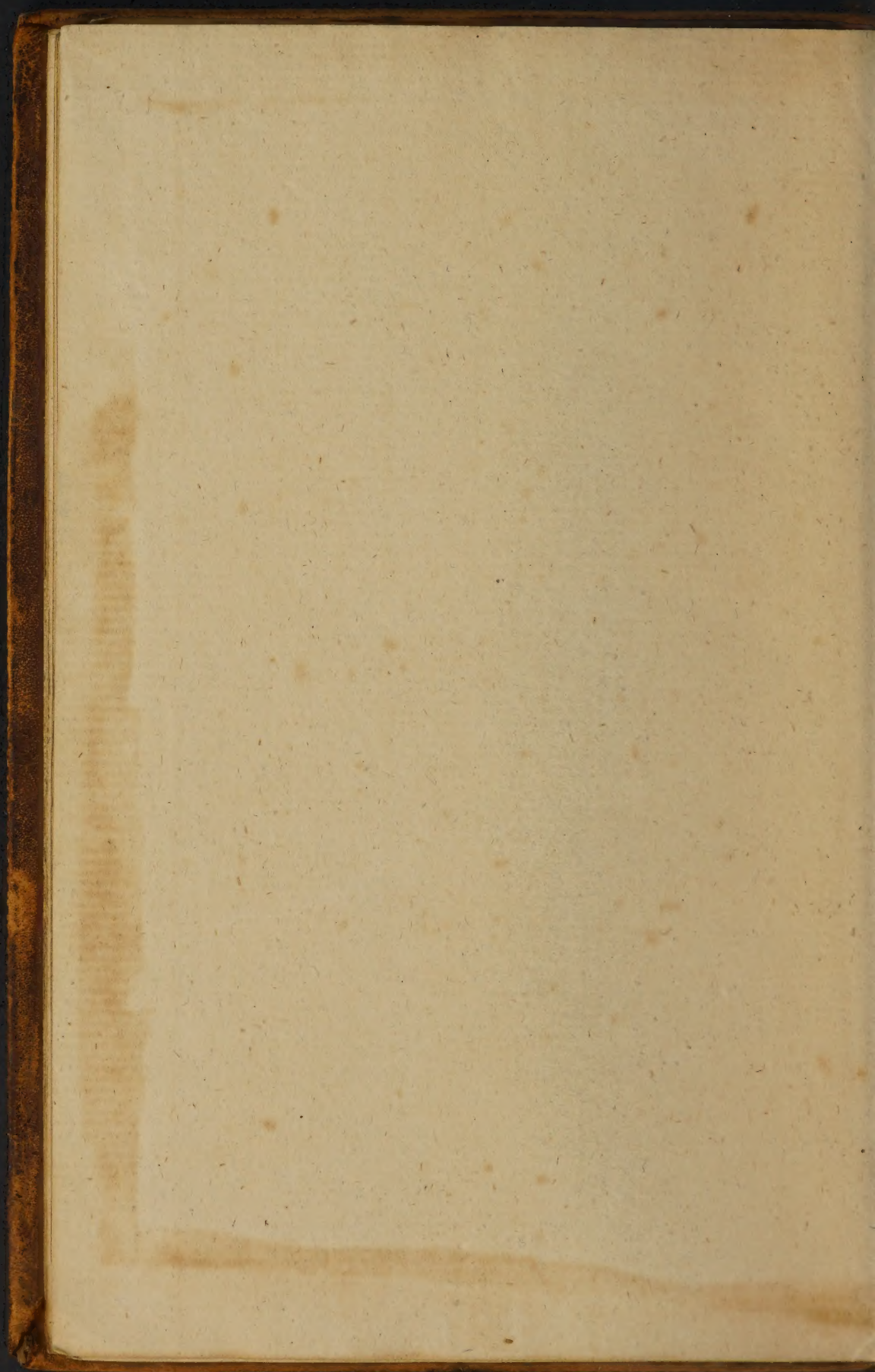














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